

No 421

OCT. 24TH 1913

5 Cents.

FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY.

STORIES OF BOYS WHO MAKE MONEY.

FIGHTING FOR FAME OR THE STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG AUTHOR

By A Self-Made Man

AND OTHER STORIES



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Issued Weekly—By Subscription \$2.50 per year. Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1913, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., by Frank Tousey, Publisher, 168 West 23d Street, New York. Entered at the New York, N. Y., Post Office as Second-Class Matter.

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NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1913.

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Fighting for Fame

—OR—

THE STRUGGLES OF A YOUNG AUTHOR

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCES THE HERO.

"Seems to me you've taken to writin' a good deal of late, nephew," said Caleb Claypole, a tall, raw-boned New England farmer, with a short, full beard, and a cold, calculating gray eye, at the supper table one evening. "What's the object of it all?"

"I'm writing a story," replied Arthur Forbes, a bright-looking lad of eighteen.

"You're doin' what?" exclaimed the farmer, putting down his cup and staring at his relative.

"Writing a story," repeated Arthur.

"Writin' a story? About what?"

"About a boy who was shipwrecked on an uninhabited island in the South Pacific Ocean, just like Robinson Crusoe. You see he——"

"What nonsense are you talkin' about? How can you write a story about a boy who was shipwrecked when you've never been to sea and don't know nothin' about a shipwreck, nor about ships, nor sailors, nor nothin' of that sort?"

"Oh, I've read a great deal about ships, and sailors, and shipwrecks, and tropical islands. I've seen pictures of shipwrecks, and have a pretty good idea about them. Anyway, I don't describe how the ship is wrecked. That is supposed to have happened before my story opens. I introduce my hero——"

"Your what?"

"My hero—the boy I'm writing about. I introduce him as he is cast ashore on the island, tied to a broken spar. He is half dead, you know, for he's been buffeted about by the waves for several hours after the ship foundered in a big gale which is now almost over. Naturally, there is a heavy surf beating on the shore, and it rolls him and the spar over and over, and finally throws him up on the sandy beach, and there he lies for fifteen or twenty minutes, without the least sign of life until——"

"That'll do, nephew. I don't want to hear no more such tommyrot. If that's how you've been employin' your time, and wastin' good paper and ink, you want to quit it, d'ye understand?"

"But, uncle——"

"That'll do. I don't want to hear nothin' more on the subject. What put the idea into your head of scribblin' such stuff as that?"

"It came kind of natural to me. I guess I was intended for an author."

"An author! That's a chap who writes books and starves in a garret because nobody buys 'em. I'm surprised, nephew, that your ideas should run in such a direction. I always

took you for a smart boy. You went through school quicker'n most boys, and always stood at the head of your class. Now that you've finished with the high school, and it's time you done somethin' for a livin', I was figgerin' on havin' you learn the surveyin' business. It's as good as anythin' I know of."

"I'd rather be an author, uncle. There's more money in writing at a cent a word, and upward, as you acquire a reputation——"

"I guess you're plum crazy, nephew. Who'd be such a fool as to pay you a cent a word for such stuff as you've been foolin' your time over? I wouldn't give you a cent for all the words you've put down on paper since you started in, and I reckon from the time you've put in in your room you've written considerable—more'n a thousand words, maybe."

"I've written six chapters so far, and there's about 2,000 words in each chapter, on the average."

"That's 12,000 words altogether," said Mr. Claypole, with a frown of displeasure. "How much more did you expect to write about the boy who was shipwrecked?"

"I guess the story will make twenty-four chapters."

"Well, I guess it won't for you're not goin' to write any more—not if I know it, and I calculate I'm the head of this house, and nothin' goes on here I don't approve of."

"I don't see why you should object to me becoming an author; that's what I'm cut out for," protested Arthur.

"I object to anybody connected with me makin' a fool of himself."

"If a person is intended for a literary career he doesn't make a fool of himself by following the bent of his talents."

"You're only a boy, and you don't know yet what you're intended for. I knew a chap once who thought he was intended to be an actor. He used to go 'round spoutin' from a play-book till we all got sick listenin' to him. His father tried to lick it out of him, but he ran away and j'ined a bunch of travelin' play-actors. He came back in about a month lookin' like a tramp, and so thin and peaked you'd a-thought he hadn't had a decent meal since he left home. His old man was afraid to lick him for fear he'd fall to pieces. After he pulled up a bit he went to work at the carpenter business. He never did no more spoutin'. He was cured of thinkin' he was cut out for an actor. It would be the same way with you if I allowed you to have your own way. You'd soon find out that the writin' business ain't what you think it is. I'm considerable more'n twice your age, and have had a lot of experience in this world. If you wasn't my nephew you could play author as long as you felt you could stand for it; but as you are my nephew I consider it my duty to put the brakes on any such confounded nonsense. After you get started in the right way you'll thank

me for lookin' out for your interests," said Mr. Claypole, picking up the village weekly, and thereby intimating that the subject was finished.

Arthur made no reply to his uncle's long speech.

Nevertheless, he was not moved from what he considered the aim of his life.

He had always had a taste for literature, but until now it had showed itself chiefly in the avidity with which he read the writings of others.

His favorite books were the works of Washington Irving, so far as he was able to get them at the village library; Shakespeare's plays, Plutarch's Lives of Great Men, Robinson Crusoe, Swiss Family Robinson, and several others; but his "reading was not confined to these by any means.

That he undoubtedly possessed some literary ability was apparent from the compositions he had to write in school.

They took the first rank in every class he was in where they were required, and the teachers frequently complimented him on the clearness of his style and his choice of words.

A short time before the opening of this story he produced his first effort—a tale of the adventures of seven boys who went camping in the woods three miles from the village.

It was partly fact and partly fiction.

He was one of the boys, and the others were all mentioned by name.

After finishing the story he gathered the boys together and read it to them.

They were greatly tickled, because each one of them was represented as having done some big thing in the writer's mind.

They declared he must send it to the editor of the village weekly for publication, for they wanted to see their names and adventures in print.

Arthur was more than willing to oblige them, as he was eager to see his own name in print as an author.

Accompanied by one of them, he went to the office of the paper, the name of which was the Jinxville News.

Country editors and publishers are always easy to see.

The villagers and farmer subscribers are constantly bringing them items for personal mention, such as "Miss Mabel Smith, of Tompkinsville, spent a part of last week with her friend Miss Carrie Brown"; or local news items, such as "Ed Peaseley has put a new roof on his barn," or "the Women's Sewing Circle will meet this Friday at the Widow Jones' house," etc.

So when Arthur and his friend Bob Smiley walked into the little six by nine business office, the space behind the counter of which represented the editorial room, Mr. Jed Prouty, the owner of the paper, came hustling out of the composing and press room to meet them.

He was short on news items for the forthcoming issue which went to press that evening, and he scented something in that line from the boys.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Prouty," said Arthur, politely.

"Howdy," replied the newspaper individual, beamingly. "Got something for the paper?"

"Yes. I brought you a short story, founded on facts, that I wrote myself. As you know all the boys mentioned in it, I thought you would like to print it in your paper."

Editor Prouty's countenance fell.

He wasn't looking for short stories, unless they were very short and full of local news, for he had no space to accommodate them, nor had his one girl compositor—his eldest daughter, by the way—time to put them into type.

It is true he printed one short story of about two columns every week, when it wasn't crowded out by advertising matter, but he got the story, with other matter in column plate form, from Boston, and all he had to do was to drop it into the form on base blocks provided to hold it in place, and it was ready to be printed.

These long column stereotype plates were a great boon to small newspaper publishers like Mr. Prouty.

They saved composition, distribution, proof-reading, and, consequently, time, and did not cost much; in fact, Mr. Prouty, like many others, paid for his in advertising space, which not being worth a whole lot, on account of his limited circulation, he was willing to dispose of in chunks.

"I thought you brought me some news items. I want them badly," said the disappointed editor.

"How many do you want? I'll go out and find them for you," said Arthur, who was a very accommodating boy.

"Will you?" said Mr. Prouty, his countenance brightening up. "I'll be obliged to you if you will. Get me a dozen if you can. I can use all you bring in. I'll make it all right with you. You might run over to the Peabodys and see if the new

baby they expect has arrived yet. Be sure and find out whether it's a boy or a girl, and what they're going to call it if they've decided on the names. And go over to the hotel and ask Nathan Mullet if he has anything for the paper. He always learns the latest news."

"All right," said Arthur, "and while I'm away I wish you'd look over my story and see what you think of it. Here it is."

"It's bang-up," volunteered Bob.

As there were easily 4,000 words in the story, Mr. Prouty regarded the manuscript with an unfavorable eye.

"Is it a local happening?" he asked.

"Yes. It happened over in the Robinson woods."

"Well, maybe I can use it by cutting it down," said the editor.

"Don't cut me out," cried Bob, in some anxiety. "I captured a tramp that was going to rob the parsonage."

"Is that so?" said Prouty, with a look of interest. "I ain't heard of any one being in the lock-up lately."

"He got away, but if it hadn't been for me the minister would have been robbed."

Arthur's story was returned to him later, with the editor's regrets that owing to lack of space he couldn't squeeze it in, which was a cheerful bit of fiction, but the following items, culled from it, all of which were creations of the young author's brain, but which the editor supposed to be facts, appeared in next morning's issue:

"Robert Smiley, the seventeen-year-old son of our esteemed fellow citizen, Thomas Smiley, captured a tramp in Robinson's Woods last week, but, unfortunately, the rascal made his escape before he could be landed in the lock-up. Young Smiley's courageous action is to be commended, as the tramp had designs upon the parsonage, and had he not been interfered with, might have effected his nefarious purpose."

"Eddie Snow saved the life of David Swift in Robinson's Woods last week at great risk to himself. Eddie deserves a medal."

"Jimmy Fosdick, son of Timothy Fosdick, whose advertisement will be found in another column, while fishing with Bert Applegate and Ned Flynn, in Pigskin Creek, observed that the spring freshet had undermined the foundation of the railroad culvert. At that moment the boys heard the whistle of the afternoon express. With great presence of mind Jimmy dropped his fishing line, tore off his jacket and ran down the track waving it in the air. The engineer saw his signal and the train was stopped. Jimmy explained the situation to the conductor, and the train hands repaired the culvert so that the train passed over in safety. It is expected that Jimmy will receive some substantial evidence of the company's appreciation of his services."

The foregoing and a couple of others helped fill up the local column, and produced considerable of a sensation in Jinxville next morning.

Jimmy, Eddie and Bob were regarded as heroes until the truth subsequently came out, but the boys maintained the fiction as long as they could, and bore their honors as boys might be expected to do under the circumstances.

Arthur, though greatly disappointed because his story was denied the publicity of the press, was greatly tickled at the idea of Editor Prouty printing the fiction incidents of his otherwise true narrative as fact, and he and his six friends held a high jinks over it.

CHAPTER II.

THE GLOWING EYES.

One summer, twenty years since, George Forbes, an artist, came to the village of Jinxville, put up at the little hotel, and put in his time sketching in the neighborhood.

In the course of his saunterings he met Nellie Claypole, Caleb Claypole's sister, who was helping her brother on the farm which had just come to him through the recent death of their father.

It was a case of love at first sight with both of them, and that winter Nellie, much against her brother's wishes, married George Forbes, and went to live with him in Boston.

There Arthur, the hero of this story, was born.

When he reached his tenth year he had the misfortune to lose both his parents in quick succession, and he would have been thrown on the world only for his uncle, who took him to live with him on his farm.

There he grew up like any country boy, did chores around the place, and went to the village school.

He proved so smart that his uncle decided not to confine him to the farm, but to make a lawyer, or doctor, or something like that out of him, and with this idea he sent Arthur to the high school in the neighboring town.

The distance was six miles, which he covered back and forth five times a week on horseback.

At the time we introduce him to the reader he had lately graduated, and his uncle had made up his mind to make a surveyor of him, as he found out that county surveyors made lots of money, though he did not figure on the amount of influence necessary to land such a fine job that many were after.

Although Arthur's first story did not appear in print, it went on an extended route of private inspection.

Each of the six boys who figured in it took it home in turn for their folks to read it, and the sisters of some of them loaned it to their friends, so that it acquired quite a circulation, and was the means of giving its young author some local reputation in a small way.

A few days after the conversation detailed in our first chapter, the story in question finally returned to Arthur in a somewhat dilapidated state.

The appreciation shown toward his initial effort induced him to start a more extended work in the shape of a work of fiction, which he thought might be completed in from twenty to thirty chapters.

Using Robinson Crusoe as a model, he began the tale that his uncle took a decided objection to, as shown.

Arthur was so interested in his new story that he did not intend to accept his uncle's ultimatum.

He locked what he had finished in his trunk, and did not leave the key around for his aunt, who sympathized with her husband in his opposition, to find.

It was about eight one evening that Bob Smiley brought back his short story concerning his friends' alleged as well as real adventures in Robinson's Woods, and Arthur entered the sitting-room with it in his hand.

His uncle was not in good humor, for his wife, who was present and not looking pleasant, either, had bought what the farmer considered an extravagant bill of goods at the village general store, and he had been calling her down about it.

Mr. Claypole stood with his back to an open grate fire, which a sudden change in the June weather had brought into being, particularly for Mrs. Claypole's benefit, as she had taken a cold.

The farmer had come out at the short end of the argument with his wife, and this fact added to his irascibility.

Mr. Claypole glared at his nephew, not because he felt antagonistic toward him, but because his eyes reflected the state of his mind.

When the farmer was in his present humor it didn't take much to start him going on a new tack.

The sight of the manuscript in Arthur's hand had the same effect on him as a red garment on an angry bull.

"What have you got there?" he demanded of his nephew.

"The story I wrote about——"

"Didn't I tell you to give up story writin'?" cried Mr. Claypole, belligerently.

"Oh, I wrote this before——"

The farmer had no patience to listen to any explanation.

He took it for granted that this was the yarn about the boy who was shipwrecked on the uninhabited island, and that his nephew had been adding to it in defiance of his mandate.

That was enough to set the live coals of his wrath into a blaze.

He suddenly swooped down on Arthur and snatched the manuscript out of his hand.

"So this is how you waste your time, is it? Look at that, Maria," to his wife, as he ran over the twenty odd pages that made up the story. "Look at all them pages filled with nonsense about an imaginary boy wrecked on an island that never existed. No wonder authors live in garrets and starve to death, as I've heard they do. Only a few of them are ever heard of, and our nephew here thinks he'll become one of them. Nobody connected with me is going to starve in a garret with my help. So this story goes into the fire."

"Don't, uncle; please don't burn my story," begged Arthur.

"Stand back! I won't have no writin' business in my family," answered Mr. Claypole, harshly, dropping the sheets in the flames.

"That's right, Caleb. Such nonsense is a waste of time," said his wife.

Thus perished the first fruits of Arthur's budding genius, and the boy, powerless to save his story, watched the sheets blaze up and crumple into blackened fragments with feelings better imagined than described.

Arthur never forgot the destruction of his first story.

To him it was almost like the death of one's first born on the threshold of life.

Whether it was good, indifferent or bad did not concern him so much as the fact that it was his first, and it had been his intention to keep it, all thumbed over as it was by interested and friendly critics, and exhibit it to his friends some day in the future when, as he fondly anticipated, he had become a great author, and his books stood on the library shelves beside Washington Irving, Charles Dickens and other distinguished literary lights.

And now it was forever gone, and even were it possible for him to reproduce it, word for word, which was out of the question, it would not be the same.

He went to his room feeling down in the mouth.

Locking his door, he opened his trunk, took out the opening chapters of his new tale and tried to comfort himself with them.

After reading over again what he had written, his muse impelled him to go on with his work in spite of Mr. Claypole and his ultimatum.

It wasn't that he was a disobedient boy.

Indeed, he was quite the opposite.

But he felt that his uncle was unjust in his estimate of literature, doubtless through ignorance of the subject, and as his own tastes and ambition all pointed toward the temple of literary fame, he believed he was the best judge of what he ought to do as a life-work.

So he proceeded to write Chapter VII., detailing the further adventures of his hero on the uninhabited island in the South Pacific Ocean.

Time passed, his uncle and aunt went to bed at their customary early hour, and the young author's pen still traveled over the paper at a great rate in order to keep pace with the ideas that flashed across his mental vision.

Everything he put down was protographed in his mind's eye.

It was as if he was simply describing things he actually saw unfolding before him in panoramic form.

At no time did he have to pause, bite his pen-holder and consider what he should say next.

The real trouble was to catch up with his ideas.

They came in a stream that seemed to have no end.

He ended the chapter and started on with a new one.

His hero had discovered footprints in the sand.

Not the footprints of a savage, like those that startled Robinson Crusoe, but the footprints of boots, and they led toward a cave in the rocks in a part of the island he had not as yet had the time to explore.

He reached the cave and gazed into its black depths.

"Jack debated whether he should take the risk of entering the mysterious looking cavern," wrote Arthur, full of his subject, "when suddenly he perceived a pair of glowing eyes peering at him from out of the darkness."

Having put that down, Arthur reached for more ink when, mechanically raising his eyes, he was startled to see a pair of real glowing eyes peering in at him from the darkness outside his window.

As his room was on the second floor, and there was nothing under his window for an intruder to stand upon, Arthur could not understand how the eyes, which evidently belonged to a man, could be in such a position.

Before he could get a line on the phenomena, the eyes disappeared.

Like a person aroused from a spell, Arthur sprang on his feet and rushed to the window.

Pressing his face against the glass, he looked out, but he could see nothing, for the night was as dark as the ace of spades.

Being a lad of courage and resolution, he threw up the sash and looked down.

If there was a ladder there he couldn't make it out.

It stood to reason, however, that the owner of the eyes couldn't have got up there without a ladder.

Arthur reached for the lamp and flashed it downward.

There was not the sign of a ladder against the wall.

Clearly the man had removed it, which he could easily have done during the interval if he was spry.

Arthur jumped to the conclusion that the man was a tramp, with designs upon the house.

The young author's window was the only lighted one in the house, and he wondered why the man had climbed up to it in preference to one of the dark ones.

Possibly he was curious to learn who was sitting up so late, for the clock on the mantel indicated the hour of midnight.

Well, he had found out, and he was also aware that his

presence had been noted, so it seemed likely he would beat a retreat.

Arthur closed the window, but he did not feel like going on with his story.

He was not sure but the man was hovering around the yard. Anyway, it was late and time for him to quit.

He locked up his precious manuscript, turned the lamp down and began to disrobe, but his thoughts were now engaged with the man with the glowing eyes, and his gaze frequently wandered to his window.

It did not seem reasonable to him that the man would dare come back, but nevertheless he half expected that he would.

Even as he figured on that possibility there came a tapping on the glass.

Arthur looked and saw the same glowing eyes again.

CHAPTER III.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

The tapping on the pane showed that the intruder was designedly bent on attracting the attention of the occupant of the room.

What was his object?

Arthur was a quick thinker, not only as a writer but otherwise.

It occurred to him that the man, having tried all the windows within his reach and found them fast, had ventured upon the nervy expedient of trying to induce the one wakeful person to open his window, with the view of leaping in and overpowering him before he could call for help.

Some boys would have been greatly alarmed at the reappearance of the stranger, and most would have deemed it prudent to bring some one else on the scene to grapple with the situation.

Not so Arthur.

He was strong and athletic, and believed himself a match for any man of his size not a professional fighter, and as he figured that the advantage was on his side, he decided to see what the trespasser wanted.

He forgot to consider one thing—that the man might have a revolver, which would turn the tables on him.

To be on the safe side, he picked up a baseball bat and approached the window.

Slipping the catch, he raised the sash a couple of inches.

"What do you want here at this time of night?" he asked.

"Don't you know me, sonny?" replied the intruder.

"Know you! Who are you?"

"Raise the winder higher so I can shove my face in. I'm not goin' to hurt you. You don't s'pose I'd hurt my nevvie, do you?"

Arthur started back in astonishment at the man's words, and the stranger took advantage of his chance to throw up the sash and project one leg and the upper part of his body through the opening.

"Stop where you are!" cried Arthur, raising the bat.

"What's the matter? Don't you know your own nunkie?"

Yes, Arthur knew him all right.

He was Mr. Claypole's disreputable younger brother—the black sheep of the family.

He hadn't been in that neighborhood for three years, when he dropped in only long enough to touch his brother Caleb for a sum of money, which he got, though Caleb wasn't in the habit of letting money get away from him if he could help it.

The next heard from him was that he had been sent to State prison for ten years as principal in a highway robbery.

As his time wasn't half expired, even deducting the rebate for good behavior, his presence here was something of a mystery.

"How is it you are here, Silas Claypole?" asked Arthur, who could not recognize a jailbird by the name of uncle. "I thought you were in——"

"Quod?" grinned the intruder, using the vernacular to which he was used to, which stood for prison. "So I was, nevvie, so I was; but bless your innocent heart the bolts and bars ain't made that can hold me when I make up my mind to walk out."

"Then you have escaped?"

"I'll allow that's about the size of it, nevvie. I escaped, and here I am back to partake of the fatted calf."

"Why did you come here?"

"Why shouldn't I come here? Ain't this the place where I was born? Ain't this where my lovin' brother and kind-hearted nevvie live, not to speak of my sister-in-law and my other nevvie, who ought to be some size by this time if he

ain't gone and succumbed to the ills that kids catch as a matter of course?"

"Suppose it is, don't you know that you're a disgrace to our family, Silas Claypole?"

"Have a heart, nevvie. Don't call me names. I'm your mother's brother, and she always thought more of me than she did of Caleb."

Yes, Arthur couldn't deny that.

His mother's heart always warmed toward her younger brother.

He had been a source of worry and pain to her, but in spite of his many shortcomings she always loved him, even more than she loved Caleb.

"You want to come in, I suppose?" said Arthur in a subdued voice.

"I will consider it a favor, nevvie; not but I could come in anyway if I wanted to, for I ain't used to being stopped," said the convict, stepping in and shutting down the window as if the room were his. "I'd have come in by the front door only it was locked, and I didn't want to use 'a jimmy on it, nor wake my kind brother up out of his first sleep. I'm always very considerate of people's feelin's when it don't cost me nothin'," grinned the speaker, who presented a wretched and dilapidated appearance when viewed at close quarters.

"You didn't consider mine, though, when you announced your presence outside the window," said Arthur, curtly.

"As we ain't met in three years, or somethin' less, I was sure you'd be glad to see your unfortunate nunkie."

"I'm not glad to see you," said the boy, frankly.

"If your mother was alive, she'd——"

"If she were alive and saw you now with the brand of crime on your brow, and looking like a wreck of what she knew you, it would break her heart," said Arthur, the tears coming into his eyes.

"Nevvie, I can see you're jest like Nellie," said the fugitive from justice, with as much feeling as he was capable of showing, which wasn't a whole lot. "She always was soft-hearted, and she thought more of me than I deserved. P'raps I thought a lot of her, though I didn't let on. But she's dead now, so what's the use of talkin' about her. I'll allow I have a feelin' for you, 'cause you're her son, and 'cause I made no mistake when I sized you up three years ago as a smart chap who was goin' to turn out a real man. I'm willin' to take my hat off to you, and that's more'n I'd do for my brother. I needn't ask you if he's the same close-fisted chap I always knew him to be. A leopard can't change his spots, and no more can my tender-hearted brother. And now, nevvie, maybe you'll do me another favor?"

"What is the favor?"

"When a chap gets to that p'int that he shies at his own shadder, circumstances ain't favorable for him to keep a full stomach. Perhaps you'll go down to the larder and fetch me somethin' to eat and drink?"

"I'll do it, for I wouldn't send a strange dog away hungry, and you're a human being," said Arthur.

"And don't forget, nevvie, I'm your uncle, even if you're ashamed of me."

Arthur went downstairs, and, looking through the pantry, appropriated half of a roasted chicken, part of a small loaf of bread, a chunk of butter, and filled a pitcher with milk.

He carried the food to his room, where he found his disreputable relative seated at the window with his boots on the sill.

Arthur laid the things out on his table, with a plate, knife and fork for Silas to use.

The escaped convict did not wait for an invitation to sit up.

He attacked the food with a ravenous appetite that showed how hungry he was.

Arthur sat on his bed and watched him in silence.

Silas made short work of the chicken, which he tore apart with his fingers.

He used the knife only to cut off slices of bread and butter them.

As for the milk, he turned down the glass the boy had provided and drank from the jug.

"That's the first decent meal I've had since I was sent away for the good of the State, as the papers call it," said Silas, pushing back his chair with a sigh of satisfaction, and then pulling out an old briar-root pipe he had picked up somewhere.

"You're going to smoke?" asked Arthur.

"Such is my intention, nevvie. Got any objection?" he asked, as he filled the bowl with scraps of tobacco he fished out of the corners of his pocket.

"Yes, I have. This is my room. I don't want it filled with tobacco smoke," said the boy, decidedly.

"I'll open the winder."

"I don't care if you do. If you want to smoke, go down to the kitchen. You know where it is. Or, better still, go down in the yard."

"I'll go in the kitchen. I might find some trouble gettin' back in the house. I can see you ain't stuck on havin' me stay here."

"To tell you the truth, I'm not. Anyway, I know your brother would object."

"Would you turn your nunkie out of doors such a night as this? If Nellie was alive she'd——"

"I wish you'd leave my mother out of your remarks."

"Do you order me out, nevvv? If you do I'll go, but I wouldn't go for no one else. But if you send me away I'm liable to be arrested before mornin', for two detectives are after me, and they've tracked me down here. Before they take me there's goin' to be blood spilled. I've got a gun, and every chamber is loaded."

Silas Claypole pulled a big navy revolver out of his pocket and showed it.

"Would you add murder to your other crimes?" cried Arthur, aghast.

"Look here, nevvv, I've been eighteen months in prison, an' it's——"

We won't repeat the word, but it was expressive.

"I've made up my mind that I'm not goin' back," continued the convict. "I'd sooner go to the morgue, but if I do I won't go alone. A feller who's been through what I have feels kinder desperate. He doesn't care much what he does. That's the way I feel now towards the sleuth-hounds who are after me. When they corner me there'll be somethin' doin'."

Silas spoke like a man who meant business, and Arthur believed him.

"You say the officers have tracked you to this neighborhood?" he said.

"They were bound this way at last accounts."

"Then why did you come here? Don't you know it was the worst place you could have selected."

"I'll allow you're right, nevvv, but I made up my mind that I had to have money to help me get away to Canada, and Caleb is the only one I could look to."

"He is done with you. When he read that you had been sent to the State prison he keenly felt the disgrace that attached to the family. He swore that if you came back here after you got out he would shut the door in your face."

"He said that, eh?"

"He did. I heard him."

"I s'pose he wouldn't have given me a meal like you did."

"I don't think he would. It's a good thing you didn't present yourself earlier this evening, for when I came home he was in bad humor over something. I hate to think what might have happened between you two had you come together."

"Just so," said Silas, with a grim look. "I'm to go and take my chances—is that the programme?"

"You'll be safer away from here, for the officers are liable to turn up at any moment, and you can expect no help from your brother."

"Would you give me up, too, nevvv?"

"How could I protect you?"

"You might get the key of the barn and let me have it."

"You couldn't lock yourself in. The officers would find the door open and suspect where you were."

"Right you are. I'll have to take the ladder, climb up to one of the winders and jimmy it open."

"You couldn't force any of them. Don't you know they're held by a heavy wooden bar resting in iron sockets?"

"That's right, nevvv. I can't get in there unless——"

"Unless what?"

"You go with me and lock the door after I'm inside. If you'll do that much for me I won't forget it."

"Very well. Get out of the window, take the ladder back where you got it and wait for me at the barn."

"This ain't no trick to get me out, is it, nevvv?" said the convict.

"No. I'm doing it for the sake of my mother. If she were alive she'd wish it that way. Go on, now. Every moment may be precious to you if you hope to make your escape," said Arthur.

Silas dropped his pipe in his pocket and started for the window.

He put one foot out and then paused.

"Nevv," he said, "Caleb keeps a box of tobacco in the kitchen, doesn't he?"

"Yes."

"Fetch me a handful of it, will you?"

"I will."

"You're the right sort. I wish my brother was like you."

Then Silas put his other leg out and disappeared down the ladder.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CONSTABLE AND THE DETECTIVES.

Arthur went down into the kitchen, taking the dishes with him, which he laid in the sink.

He got the key of the barn, took several handfuls of tobacco, which he rolled up in a paper, unbarred the kitchen door and went out.

He found Silas waiting for him at the barn.

Handing him the tobacco, he unlocked the big door.

"Thanks, nevvv. As I said before, you're the right sort. I might know you were, seeing as Nellie was your mother. Now lock me in and forget you've seen me."

Thus speaking, the escaped convict stepped into the building.

"You don't need a light, for you know the building well," said Arthur.

"Sure I know it. I've been in it often enough, and I guess it ain't changed much since the old man put it up forty years ago. Caleb ain't one to spend good money alterin' and improvin' if there ain't no need of it."

He chuckled as he walked away in the darkness, and Arthur locked him in and returned to the house.

Then he went to the room, partly closed the window, secured it with a patent catch, took off his clothes and went to bed.

It took some time before he fell asleep, for Silas' presence on the premises was a menace in a way, and if the detectives came to the farm looking for him, as they probably would if they had traced him to that neighborhood, there was likely to be trouble and notoriety.

He was satisfied that his uncle Caleb would do nothing to shield his unfortunate brother, and for that reason, as well as because Silas was his dead mother's favorite brother, Arthur felt sorry for him.

At the same time he could find no excuse for his younger uncle's misdeeds.

Silas had been a wild chap when he was young, and gave his father a lot of trouble and anxiety.

For that reason he left him only \$100 in his will, most of his property going to the elder son, who was steady and plodding, and would make good use of it.

After his father's death Silas went from bad to worse, and finally wound up, as we have seen, in the State prison, from which he had just escaped, with two other convicts.

Arthur had been asleep a couple of hours, and the clock in his room pointed at four, when he was aroused by a pounding on the front door of the farm-house.

He sat up and listened.

The noise had aroused Caleb, who opened his window and asked who was there.

The constable of the village was there with two other men, and he told Mr. Claypole to dress and come downstairs.

"What do you want to see me about at this hour in the morning?" asked the farmer.

"You'll learn when you come down," replied Constable Cox.

Mr. Claypole knew that the constable's errand must be important, but he could not imagine the meaning of it.

Grumbling at having been awakened an hour earlier than his regular rising time, Caleb got into his clothes and made his appearance at the front door.

The constable's light wagon and two saddle-horses stood outside the gate, but the two who came with him were not to be seen.

One had gone around to the back to watch the house from that point, while the other had taken up his position near a side door.

"Well, what's the trouble?" asked the farmer.

"We are after your brother, Silas," said the constable. "He escaped the day before yesterday from the State prison, and the two detectives who are with me have trailed him to this neighborhood. They argue that the most likely place he would make for is your house, in order to raise money to help him out of the country. I ask you if he is in your house now?"

"No, he is not. I haven't set eyes on him for three years. It is news to me that he has escaped from prison. If he came here I wouldn't receive him. I am done with the rascal for good and all. I wouldn't raise a finger to save him from being

retaken. He has disgraced me and the family, and I don't care what becomes of him. I sent him word not to show himself here when he had served his time. I don't want to see him again."

Caleb spoke forcibly, and clearly meant what he said.

"Well, Brother Claypole, I believe you wouldn't lie, even to save your brother, but it is my duty to search your house. One of the officers has a search warrant which I will show you if you wish to see it, and it is really his duty to do the searching, but out of consideration for you I have induced him to let me go through your house instead," said Constable Cox.

"You are welcome to search my house, but I tell you beforehand that you will not find Silas, for he hasn't been here," said the farmer.

The constable called the chief detective and had a talk with him, then he went through the house, accompanied by the farmer.

They came to Arthur's room and that lad was found awake.

"What's the matter, Uncle Caleb?" he asked, though he had a pretty good idea when he recognized Constable Cox.

"Nothin'," replied his uncle, curtly. "Why ain't you asleep?"

"I was awakened by a pounding on the front door. What is Mr. Cox after?"

"He's lookin' for a burglar that he thought might have got in the house. Go to sleep and don't mind us."

The constable merely glanced around the room, and then they walked out and shut the door.

"They're hunting for Silas," said Arthur to himself. "If the constable goes into the barn he'll find him there, and then there'll be a muss."

Arthur got up and sat by his window, which overlooked the barn and the yard.

It was half-past four, and morning was coming on.

It was still dark, however, as the sky was overcast.

The constable finished up with the cellar, and was satisfied the man he was looking for wasn't in the house.

"Could your brother have got into the barn?" he asked the farmer.

"Not unless he broke open the door. It is locked with a heavy padlock, and it ain't an easy proposition."

The constable said he would look at the door.

"How about the windows above?"

"They're barred on the inside and couldn't be forced with anythin' short of a sledge-hammer."

The constable and the officers went over to the barn and found everything looking all right.

"No need of looking in here," said Cox.

"But his brother may have hid him here," said the chief officer, who took no particular stock in the farmer's apparent indifference to his brother's fate.

"No fear of that," replied the constable, who knew Caleb better than the detective did.

The sleuths, however, insisted on searching the barn, so the farmer got the key and they went in.

Caleb lighted a lantern, and they went through the building.

Arthur saw their figures go in, and he anxiously awaited results.

There were none, for the officers saw no sign of their man in the barn.

When they came out without Silas, Arthur was surprised.

He wondered where the escaped convict had hidden himself.

He might have burrowed under the hay in the loft.

It was about the only safe retreat he could have found.

The boy was glad he had managed to elude his pursuers.

The other outhouses were looked over, but the fugitive was not to be found.

After a consultation the constable went away, leaving the two detectives on watch, ensconced in one of the outhouses.

It was five o'clock by that time, and Caleb called his hired man.

Arthur was asleep again, and he did not get up until called down to breakfast.

"What's the meanin' of them dishes I found in the sink this mornin'?" said his aunt in a sharp tone, while his uncle looked at him curiously. "Not only that, but the half chicken, part of a loaf of bread, and I don't know what else, is missin' from the larder this mornin'. I reckon you must know somethin' about 'em, for nobody else does. I never know'd before of you bein' took hungry in the night, and that there chicken and bread would have filled up two like you. Come now, I'm waitin' to hear what you have to say."

Arthur saw that he couldn't evade the question, and he observed a strong suspicion in his uncle's eye.

"Well, I might as well tell the truth, aunt. Silas Claypole came to my window during the night," he began.

"He did!" roared Caleb.

"He told me he had escaped from prison and was most starved, so I let him into my room and——"

"How did he reach your winder? Did he use a ladder?" said Caleb.

"As he didn't have wings, he had to. I brought him the chicken, the bread and a jug of milk. He ate as though he were half-starved, then he went away."

"Where did he go?"

"He vanished down the ladder, which I told him to put back where he got it."

At that moment one of the detectives came in to breakfast at the farmer's invitation.

"I've just learned that my brother was here last night," said Caleb.

"How did you find out?" said the sleuth, with a look of interest.

"My nephew here saw and spoke to him. He also supplied him with a meal."

"Tell me all about it, young man," said the officer.

"In what way are you interested?" asked the boy.

"I am a State detective and I'm hunting for Silas Claypole."

"My uncle has told you all in a nutshell."

"I want the details. When did he come to the house?"

"Around midnight."

"Where is your room?"

"Over the kitchen facing the yard. He put a ladder under my window, climbed up and tapped on the glass."

"I see. That woke you up and you let him in?"

"I did."

"Tell me all that happened and what he said."

Arthur told his story with certain reservations, and wound up by saying that Silas, after eating, went away.

"Did he tell you where he was going?"

"He said something about going to Canada, because it wasn't safe for him to stay in this neighborhood."

The detective went outside and called his companion in and told him what he had learned from Arthur.

They hurried through their breakfast, and then mounting their horses, which had been looked after by the hired man, rode away.

CHAPTER V.

THE STORY OF THE MYSTIC ISLE.

Arthur expected his uncle would haul him over the coals for helping his brother, but he didn't.

His aunt said nothing more about the food taken from the pantry, but she did not look pleasant.

After breakfast Caleb went to the barn.

He went up into the loft to pitch some hay down, and was staggered when his brother Silas suddenly appeared from under the back of the hay.

What passed between the brothers we will not attempt to chronicle; it is sufficient to say that the interview was a heated one on both sides.

Silas declined to say how he had got into the barn without disturbing the padlock, but Caleb had his suspicions.

In the end blood proved thicker than water, as the saying is, and the farmer promised to keep mum concerning his brother's presence in the barn.

He agreed to supply Silas with his meals that day, and give him \$10 on condition that he would depart after dark.

Then he called Arthur out in the yard.

"You opened the barn last night so my brother could hide there," he said.

"How do you know that? Didn't the officers search the barn this morning?"

"He was hid under the hay in the loft, and they missed him."

"Have you seen him?"

"I have."

"And he told you I let him in the barn?"

"No, he didn't tell me, but as it was impossible for him to get in there under the circumstances without help, I know you let him in."

"Well, I won't deny it. He's a wreck, and I felt sorry for him. Is he there now?"

"Yes, he's there now, and I've agreed to feed him and run the risk of keepin' him under cover till dark. If the constable should hear about it I'll get into trouble."

"He won't hear of it through me. I'm glad you've given him a chance."

"He doesn't deserve it, the scoundrel," said Caleb, heatedly.

"Nevertheless he's your brother, and, bad as he is, I think it is your duty to show him some consideration."

"Huh!" ejaculated the farmer, and then he walked away toward the kitchen.

Later on Arthur paid a visit to Silas in the loft of the barn and handed him \$5 of his savings to help him on his way.

"I wish you'd turn over a new leaf and try to be a decent man," said Arthur.

"What's the use? Once a chap has been in prison he's branded for life," replied his disreputable uncle.

"You say you're going to Canada? If you change your name and take up with honest work, you'll not find yourself branded. No one will suspect you of having been a criminal."

"I intend to change my name, and I'll have to take up with some kind of work to live. You needn't worry about me if I once get across the border. You don't look as if you were workin' in the fields, and it ain't like Caleb to have a young gent about the house doin' nothin'. What are you doin', anyway?"

"Nothing as yet. I have just graduated from the high school at Northville. Uncle Caleb says I'm to learn the surveying business, so that I can become a county surveyor one of these days."

"I s'pose that's as good as anythin' you could take up with. It's better than farmin', particularly as this farm won't go to you, but to your cousin Noah when he grows up."

"I'm not interested in farming, and a person never makes a success at what he isn't adapted for."

"I guess you're right. Do you think you're adapted for a surveyor?"

"I'd rather be an author, and I intend to be one some time."

"An author! Do you mean a book writer?"

"Yes; and a contributor to newspapers and magazines."

"Is there money in that?"

"Plenty if you make a name for yourself."

"Make a name for yourself! Why, you have one already. You ain't thinkin' of changin' it, are you?"

"Certainly not. You don't understand. I mean make a reputation."

"Well, you've got the education, why don't you become an author, then?"

"Uncle Caleb won't have it."

"He ain't your father. Can't you be an author if you want to?"

"He's my guardian, or calls himself so, and as long as I live here I'll have to do as he says."

"Then if Caleb says you're to be a surveyor, I guess you're booked to be one. If it doesn't pan out you can be an author afterward."

"Uncle Caleb says he won't have any writing business in the family. Last night he burned up my first story."

"Did he? What was the story about?"

Arthur described the story and said everybody who had read it thought it was fine.

"Did Caleb read it before he burned it?"

"No. He wouldn't waste the time doing it. He hasn't much respect for literature or persons who write."

"When Caleb gets an idea in his head it sticks there. He's down on me like a carload of iron, and nothin' I could say would change him. We had it hot and heavy when I showed myself out of the hay, where I was hid when the detectives were nosin' around after me, and he ordered me off the farm right away. I told him I'd be caught if I went away in daylight, and he said he didn't care. Then I showed him my gun, and told him I'd shoot before I was taken, and that he'd be responsible for any blood that was shed. That fetched him, and he agreed to let me stay here till dark, and feed me into the bargain. He told me never to come back again. He didn't want to see me any more. Very affectionate of him, wasn't it?" grinned the disreputable fugitive.

"You ought to know the kind of man your brother is, and you must remember that you've disgraced the family. Everybody in the village knows you were sent to prison for highway robbery, and the people have gossiped about it. Uncle Caleb never goes to the village now unless he is obliged to. Now your escape will revive talk about you. It would have been better had you served your time and reformed yourself after you were released. Now if you're taken you'll lose your good conduct rebate, and be punished otherwise," said Arthur.

"I don't intend to be caught," said Silas, grimly.

"I trust you won't, but the chances are all against you."

At that juncture Bob Smiley came into the barn looking

for Arthur, and hearing him call out, the young author closed his interview with Silas and went down to meet his friend.

"Say, Art, I came over to get that story again. Mr. Jackson, the feed store man, wants to read it," said Bob.

"I'm sorry, but the story is burned up."

"Burned up!" cried Bob. "How did that happen?"

"My uncle put it in the fire soon after you brought it back to me."

"What did he do that for?"

Arthur explained the situation.

"Why, he must be crazy. You might have got something for that story. It was fine. I've read lots worse."

"I'm writing another, a longer one—long enough to make a book."

"Are you?" cried Bob, interestedly.

"Yes. Come up to my room and I'll show you the opening chapters."

Bob went along with alacrity.

Arthur took the precaution of locking the door of his room after they entered to prevent being surprised by his Cousin Noah, who would certainly tell his father and mother about the new story if he found out about it.

Unlocking his trunk, Arthur took his manuscript out.

"Gee! you have quite a bunch of it written," said Bob.

"Seven chapters and part of another."

"How many chapters are you going to have in it?"

"I can't tell that now. Over twenty, and under thirty."

"That will make a regular book. What is it about?"

"A boy who was washed ashore from the wreck of his ship on an island in the South Pacific Ocean."

"That's like Robinson Crusoe."

"After a fashion; but he's a boy, and he doesn't do any of the things that Crusoe did."

"Doesn't he build a raft and go out to the wreck to get a lot of stuff?"

"No. There isn't any wreck for him to go to."

"But you said he was washed ashore from a wreck."

"I didn't state it just right. You see he runs away from his home in Oakland, California, and ships aboard a vessel bound for Sydney. The vessel gets down among the islands of the South Pacific when a terrible storm comes on and she founders. My hero has just time to lash himself to a piece of spar when the vessel goes down. Then he is tossed about for hours on the wild billows as the storm blows itself out, and about sunrise he is washed on to the island, where he lands more dead than alive," said the young author.

"Fine!" exclaimed Bob.

"Shall I read you some of it?"

"Sure. Go ahead," said Bob.

"The name of my story is 'Dick Horlick; or, Marooned on a Mystic Isle,'" said Arthur.

"That sounds all right. What is mystic about the island?"

"Oh, lots of curious things happen to the hero which he can't account for. In the end they will all be explained."

"Of course. If they wasn't the reader wouldn't be able to account for them, either, and that would spoil the story, in my opinion."

Arthur then began his story and read the first chapter.

"How do you like it, Bob?"

"Tip-top. As good as any boy's book I ever read. Keep on. I'm interested."

The second chapter pleased Bob, too, and he wanted to hear more.

So Arthur kept on and read as far as he had written—up to the point where the hero sees the pair of glowing eyes peering out at him from the dark cave.

"That's all," he said, turning down the last sheet.

"Who do the eyes belong to?" said Bob.

"That's one of the mysteries of the island."

"You know all about it, for you're making the story up, so tell me."

"But you'll want to hear the rest of the story when I've written it, won't you?"

"Sure I will."

"If I explained the mystery of the eyes to you now it would spoil the story for you. Those eyes are a very important feature, and the hero is very much startled to find such a pair of eyes on an island he supposed was uninhabited."

"I should think he would be. They might belong to some wild animal like a tiger or a wildcat."

"You don't find such animals on islands in the South Pacific."

"Then they might belong to a crazy man who was wrecked some time before on that island and lost his reason."

"That's a more reasonable deduction, but it isn't the right one."

"How about a cannibal? The South Pacific was full of man-eaters at one time."

"No, you're wrong again."

"Can't the hero see anything but the eyes?"

"Not a thing, and they glow like a pair of live coals."

"Maybe there's a big snake in the cave."

"I never heard of big snakes being on those islands."

"But a vessel bringing a boa constrictor and wild animals to supply the menagerie of some large circus might have been lost on that island, in which event the snake, and some other animals, would have stood a chance of getting ashore."

"If you think of enough things you may hit the secret," smiled Arthur.

At that moment there came a banging on the door.

CHAPTER VI.

A PRISONER IN HIS ROOM.

Arthur grabbed up his manuscript, slapped it into his trunk and locked it.

"Open the door, Bob, and see who's there," he said.

Farmer Claypole was there, and he seemed to be angry.

"Didn't I tell you not to write any more nonsense?" he roared at Arthur.

"Yes, sir, but I don't call my work nonsense."

"What else is it? You make it up out of your head, don't you?"

"I admit that. All writers do that."

"Last night I burned up that nonsensical business about a boy who was wrecked on some island, and now——"

"I beg your pardon, sir. What you destroyed was a short story about the adventures that Bob, I and five other boys had in Robinson's Woods one Saturday afternoon a few weeks ago."

"Why didn't you tell me it was a story of facts?"

"I tried to, but you wouldn't hear a word from me. That story went the rounds of a score or more of the people of the village. The brothers, sisters and parents of the boys who took part in the outing all read it and thought it was interesting. You might have read it, too, if you had wanted to."

"Then it was the story of the boy and the island that Noah heard you reading to your friend here just now?"

"I admit it was. Was Noah listening at the key-hole?"

"Yes. He said you wouldn't let him in the room."

"I didn't know he wanted to come in. He didn't knock, or I didn't hear him."

"You had your door locked. What did you lock it for?"

"So Bob and I wouldn't be disturbed."

"Just so. Well, you can hand me what you've written of that story."

"You want to burn it up?"

"No matter what I want to do with it; hand it over."

"But, uncle, that story is worth money—when it's finished."

"Don't talk like a fool. You couldn't get a nickel for all the time you've wasted on it. Hand it over."

The young author was too much interested in, and attached to, the second offspring of his brain to give it up.

He simply refused to do it.

"Very well, nephew, you defy me, do you?" cried the farmer.

"I reckon I can bring you to terms. I shall lock you in your room and you will get no dinner unless you give up that story. If you hold out till supper time you'll get no supper, either, unless you come to time. They tame animals by keepin' food from 'em, so I guess the same method will answer for you."

He motioned Bob out of the room, reversed the key in the lock and, turning it, took it out and put it in his pocket.

"I reckon he'll give in when he hears the dishes rattlin' downstairs," said the farmer, grimly. "There's only one boss in this house, and that's me."

As it was nearly noon then, Caleb didn't think he'd have to wait long for the story, which he intended to burn up as he had the other one, but he didn't know the boy he had to deal with.

In due time Arthur heard the rattling of the dishes in the room below, for the family were accustomed to eat in the kitchen unless the minister, or some one else above the common, came to supper, when the small dining-room was used, and the best china paraded before the visitor.

The dinner horn was blown for the farmer and his hired man, who were working in one of the fields, and they responded.

As soon as all hands sat down to the mid-day meal, Noah was sent up to find out if Arthur was ready to capitulate.

He knocked on the door.

"Who's there?" asked the young author, who was employing his time on his story, in close proximity to his trunk, so that when he heard the key rattle in the lock he would have time to put his manuscript out of harm's way.

"Me," replied Noah.

"What do you want?"

"Father sent me to ask you if you are ready to hand over that story."

"Tell him I am not."

Noah retreated, and no further overtures were made by the farmer.

Arthur was hungry, but he was prepared to hold out till dark, then he knew what he would do.

Many an author has written upon an empty stomach, but the circumstances were somewhat different from those which surrounded our young author.

Arthur had finished Chapter VIII., and was half through the next.

He began Chapter X. to the music of the dishes in the sink.

He was real hungry now, but he wasn't weakening any.

His eyes didn't flow as rapidly as usual, and he got almost ravenous when he pictured his hero making a meal off of coconuts and bananas.

He finished Chapter X. at half-past four and quit the job.

As he was locking his trunk a package came whizzing through his open window.

He looked out, but saw no one.

He opened the package and found three sandwiches, two boiled eggs, two pieces of pie and a piece of cake, with a card marked "From Bob."

"You're a brick, Bob," said Arthur, and forthwith he got away with two of the sandwiches, one of the eggs, and half of the pie.

That relieved his hunger for the time being, and the rest he stowed away in his trunk for supper.

He was in excellent humor now, and chuckled as he pictured the disappointment of his uncle when he found that he held out at supper time.

At that moment Noah came to the door again.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

"Not at all," replied Arthur.

"What a whopper," said Noah. "Mother has your dinner in the oven. Throw out the story and we'll put the ladder up to your window so you can come down."

"Nothing doing," said Arthur, who began to whistle in a cheerful way.

"You're only pretending," said Noah. "I've got a hunk of bread and 'lasses here. Don't you wish you had it?"

"Don't each such stuff," replied Arthur.

"I've got an apple, too."

"Glad to hear it. Eat it up."

Noah did eat it, and shoved some of the skin under the door.

Then he went away and the young author heard nothing more from him till supper was on the table.

Then his father sent him upstairs again to find out if the prisoner was ready to deliver up his manuscript.

Arthur's answer was the same as before, and Caleb Claypole frowned ominously.

He wondered how long the boy had the nerve to hold out.

Mrs. Claypole looked kind of serious.

Was the boy bent on starving himself in order to carry out his point?

"What are you goin' to do about it, Caleb?" she asked.

"I'll have to use stronger means to break his stubbornness," he said.

"There ain't nothin' stronger than makin' him go hungry," she said. "He ain't had nothin' since he had his breakfast at seven. I don't see how he stands it. I think I'll send him up his supper."

"You'll send him up nothin' till I say the word," said Caleb, decidedly.

Mrs. Claypole relapsed into silence and the meal went on to its finish.

Dusk had fallen and it would soon be dark.

"Mother," said Caleb to his wife, "get Silas' supper ready and I'll take it out to him. He's got to leave as soon as it gets dark."

Mrs. Claypole had the food ready in a few minutes.

"When I get back I'll tend to Arthur," said the farmer.

"What are you goin' to do to him, dad—lick him?" asked Noah.

Caleb glowered at his son, made no reply and started for the barn.

Gradually it grew dark.

Arthur guessed that his uncle's patience would give out and that he would make an attempt to take forcible possession of the obnoxious manuscript.

Hiding the key would do no good, for that would only exasperate Mr. Claypole, and he would break open his trunk.

Even if he did not go to that extreme the young author felt that his story would always be in danger, and the more he wrote of it the worse the loss of it would be to him.

He could take it out in the woods and hide it, but then it would be in danger of suffering from the weather.

He could let Bob keep it for him.

On reflection he felt he wouldn't take the same interest in continuing it, which he would have to do under difficulties, as if he had the whole story by him.

Finally he decided to carry out his original idea, which was to take it to Bob's house until he saw how things turned out.

It was dark now, and his uncle was still in the barn talking with his brother.

He had wrapped up his manuscript to take away.

He put it under his vest, put on his hat, lowered himself at arm's length out of the window, and dropped.

He alighted on his toes near the kitchen door.

Looking into the room, he saw his aunt washing up the supper dishes.

Noah was playing with the house cat.

The hired man was not in sight.

Arthur darted around the side of the house and was soon making for the road.

When he reached it he set his face toward the village.

A walk of a quarter of a mile brought him to the small wooden bridge which spanned a creek.

Under the shadow of the bridge lay something that was not there a couple of hours before.

It was a substantial-looking raft, with a small frame structure on it about the size of a large dog-house.

In the hollow of the bank, in line with the end of the bridge furthest from the village, a small fire was burning.

A man and a boy stood in front of it.

The latter was bent over and one hand grasped the handle of a frying-pan, which he held over the fire.

He was frying three eggs.

In a batch of live coals at one side stood a black coffee-pot.

Arthur stopped and, leaning upon the railing of the bridge, looked down at them.

Out of the bushes at one side came another man.

He looked rough and unkempt, and fitted in nicely with the pair below.

In one hand he carried a red handkerchief, the four corners of which were tied together, while the rest of the handkerchief bulged out in roundish knobs.

"Hello, sonny," he said to Arthur, "you live 'round here, I reckon?"

"I do."

"On a farm, maybe?"

"Yes."

"How far is it to the nearest town?"

"The village of Jinxville is a mile down the road. The nearest town is Northville, six miles away."

"In what direction?"

Arthur pointed at an angle with the creek.

"Where are you bound?"

"To the village."

"Seen any strangers in this vicinity yesterday or to-day?"

"Nobody but a couple of State detectives early this morning and you people here."

"What were the detectives doing around here?"

"Looking for a man who escaped from the State prison."

"Looking for a man, eh?" said the rough chap, putting an accent on the "a."

"Yes."

"Are you sure they warn't looking for more than one man?"

"They told my uncle three men escaped, but had separated. They were following one who came this way."

"Who might your uncle be?"

"Caleb Claypole."

The fellow uttered an ejaculation and looked hard at the boy.

CHAPTER VII.

ADrift ON THE RIVER.

At that juncture the man below sang out in an impatient tone:

"What are you stopping up there for, Jim? Don't you know we can't stay here all night?"

"I'm coming in a moment," replied Jim. "So your uncle's name is Claypole? Do you live with him?"

"I do."

"Have you had a visitor lately?"

"The detective called with Constable Cox, of this village, this morning. That is how I happened to see them."

"What time this morning did they call?"

"About four o'clock," replied Arthur, wondering at the interest shown by this stranger in the officers, and becoming suspicious as to his character and that of the man below.

"When did they go away?"

"About eight."

"What did they stay so long for? Did they search your place for the man they were looking for?"

"Why do you ask that?"

"They must have had some reason for staying four hours in one place."

"They stopped to get breakfast."

"They didn't find the man they were looking for?"

"Not up to the time they went away."

"Where did they go—I mean in what direction?"

"I didn't notice."

"Are you sure they didn't go to Northville?"

"They might have gone there."

"Come down and see my pal."

"What for?" said Arthur, drawing back.

"Just to be sociable."

"I don't know him; besides, I'm in a hurry."

"Never mind your hurry, come along."

Gripping the boy by the arm, he pulled him along with him.

Arthur tried to get away from him, for he didn't fancy the looks of these two men, nor the boy, either, who was red-headed and tough.

"Bill, here's a chap who says his uncle is Caleb Claypole," said Jim.

"Then he's the nephew of Si Claypole, eh?" said Bill, regarding Arthur with some curiosity.

"That stands to reason, seeing that Caleb and Si are brothers."

"Did Si send him out to look for us?"

"No," said the man Jim. "He says he hasn't seen anybody but two State detectives who called at the Claypole farm at four this morning looking for a man who escaped from prison, which man, of course, was Si."

"Ain't Si been at your place yet?" said Bill to Arthur.

"What are you talking about?"

"What am I talking about? What do you s'pose I'm talking about? Didn't I speak plain enough?"

"Who are you people, anyway?" asked Arthur, though he was pretty well satisfied that the men were the two convicts who escaped with Silas.

"Who are we? Particular friends of Uncle Si. We're looking to meet him in this direction, for he told us he was coming down this way to see his family."

Arthur thought them very poor company for his younger uncle to meet.

"I suppose you are the fellows who got away from the prison with Silas," he said. "The detectives said three men escaped."

"We got away from prison!" cried Bill. "What put that idea in your head? We are three respectable travelers. Help yourself to a tater, Jim, and here's a tin of coffee for you."

Jim helped himself to a potato, took a slice of bread with a fried egg on it, which the red-headed youth handed him, and accepted the coffee.

At the same time he kept an eye on Arthur, and stood between him and the path running up to the road.

"I guess I'll be going," said the young author. "It is getting late, and I've an errand in the village and must get home by nine o'clock."

"Don't be in a rush," said Jim, blocking his retreat.

"What do you want to keep me here for?"

"We like your company."

"Well, I don't care for yours," said Arthur, quite frankly, for he was impatient over the restraint put upon his movements.

The men laughed and went on eating.

Arthur was satisfied that the men had some motive in holding on to him, and he looked around to see how he could give them the slip.

There appeared to be no way, for the bank was too high to scale, and he couldn't get by Jim to take the path.

He couldn't run down the foot of the bank, for the water

came right up to it except on the spot occupied by the disreputable trio.

The only place he could go was to step on the raft, and that wouldn't do him any good.

It was tied by a rope to one of the beams of the bridge, at which it was pulling as if anxious to be off.

Arthur knew the raft belonged to two farm boys, brothers, who had built it to go sailing on, and it was pretty certain the trio had stolen it from its moorings at the head of the creek, and sailed down to the bridge on it, and doubtless intended to continue their sail presently as far as Northville, at any rate.

The creek emptied into a river a third of a mile further on, and the river ran past Northville.

The water in the creek was much higher than usual, and the current faster than common.

For that reason the boy owners had not used it much so far that year, for though they could have enjoyed pleasant sailing down the creek, they would have found it a difficult matter to pole it back against the current.

The men seemed to enjoy Arthur's anxiety to depart, and joshed him about it.

Their intention was to take the boy with them on the raft to prevent him from giving out information concerning them.

When they were ready to abandon the raft, they intended to let him shift for himself.

As Arthur stood watching the three finish their supper, the idea suddenly occurred to him that by stepping on the raft and cutting the rope he could escape from them.

He would have to be foxy about it, or Jim, who was close to him, could easily stop him the moment he saw his object.

He put his hand in his pocket, pulled out his jack-knife concealed in his hand, and opened it behind his back.

"When you fellows get ready to let me go I suppose you'll say so," he said. "I'm going to sit down."

Thus speaking, he stepped on the raft and took his seat on the squat roof of the house, which the owners called the cabin.

He took care to sit at the end near where the mooring rope projected up to the bridge beam.

Jim made no move to stop him, because they had intended to force him on to the raft in a minute or two, and they grinned when they saw how he had saved them the trouble.

As the men were ready to make a move, for the red-headed youth was cleaning the pan and coffee-pot in the creek, Arthur saw he had no time to lose if he was going to pull off his trick.

He put up his hand and knocked off his hat, seemingly by accident.

The hat fell, as he intended it should, near the ring which held the rope.

He stooped over to pick up his hat, and as he did so he began sawing at the rope with his knife.

The rope was not thick, and three cuts severed it.

The raft at once shot away from the bank and started down the creek.

The two men uttered exclamations of surprise and an imprecation or two.

They couldn't follow the raft without going to the top of the bank, and this they did after telling the youth to follow.

In the meanwhile, Arthur picked up one of the two poles that lay on the raft and proceeded to pole the awkward craft toward the other bank.

As he got over in that direction the bank offered no facilities for landing, so he had to let the raft go on till he saw a favorable spot.

The two men and the boy kept pace with him along the other bank.

The creek widened out as it approached its outlet into the river.

Arthur knew there was a landing place near the turn, and he bent all his energies to make it.

The raft gradually neared it.

The craft would have to go, as he had no means of securing it.

He stood ready to make the jump, and was on the point of doing so when a stone, thrown by the red-headed boy on the other side, struck him on the head, and when he recovered himself his chance had passed and the raft was slipping out into the river.

He grabbed the pole again and made an effort to work the raft ashore, but the water in the river was too deep to give him the necessary hold on the bottom.

So he had to give it up and take his chance of landing somewhere between the creek and Northville.

The current of the river was fairly swift and swept him along at a good pace.

The only consolation he had was that he had got away from the two rascals.

He soon found himself slipping along in the middle of the river.

Before long the lights of Northville came in view.

If he was able to land there he faced a six-mile walk to the farm, and that would take him an hour and a half.

He would pass through the village on his way, and he meant to call on Bob even if he had to wake him up by casting pebbles at his window.

But to his disappointment he wasn't able to land at Northville, for the raft continued in the grasp of the current.

It was a big river, which ran straight through into Connecticut, and traversed the entire State, emptying into Long Island Sound.

After the lapse of an hour Arthur began to see little chance of getting back to the farm that night.

He could do nothing to help himself, since he had no control over his craft.

He sat on the cabin house and watched the lights as they hove in sight on either shore.

As time wore on he grew tired of that amusement, and as the air was somewhat chilly, he crawled into the house, and finding a couple of blankets there he rolled himself up in them and looked through the opening in the way he was going.

Not having had a full night's rest the night before, his eyes grew heavy and he fell asleep.

All through the night the raft drifted on without meeting with any obstacle.

Early risers noticed the craft from the shore and wondered if any one was on it out of sight.

The cabin gave it an odd look, and those who noticed it wondered what it was doing on the river.

Arthur did not wake up till nearly eight o'clock, and, extricating himself from the blankets, stepped outside.

He wondered how far he had traveled during the night.

The question was a serious one to him, as he had only a few cents in his pocket, not enough to pay his way back by rail.

Under such circumstances he did not know just what he would do.

At half-past eight he passed a large town, and made signals to persons he saw along the water front.

Little notice was taken of his signals, and those who saw them did not understand what he was making them for.

He shouted to the men aboard of a couple of small craft sailing slowly up the river, but this brought no response.

It was now nine o'clock and his stomach was clamoring for breakfast.

There was no chance of getting any until he was able to land at some town.

After passing the town he traveled for two hours before sighting another.

Then he slipped past that in the same way as the other.

"I'm afraid I am launched on an extended cruise," he said to himself. "I am surely a long distance from home by this time, and I dare say my uncle is considerably worked up over my disappearance. He probably thinks I've run away on purpose. He'll hunt up a number of my friends to see if they know anything about my movements, and they'll be mightily surprised to hear that I have gone off. There is little chance of my uncle learning anything about me as long as I remain on this raft. The further I get away from Northville the harder it will be for me to get back there. This is certainly a curious adventure. It wouldn't make a bad story by weaving a little fiction into it. I dare say Mr. Prouty would print it in his paper."

A small schooner was putting out from a wharf, and its course took it close to the raft.

There were two men and a boy aboard.

They seemed considerably interested in the odd craft that was floating down the river.

Arthur waited till the vessel was abreast of him, about forty feet away, then he hailed her.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON BOARD THE SCHOONER.

"Schooner ahoy!" he shouted, in the manner he had read of in books.

"Ahoy yourself! What do you want?" asked the man who was standing amidships.

"I want to be taken off this raft."

"Is it running away with you?"

"Yes."

The wind being light, the schooner was not making much headway, though she was helped along by the tide.

The man who had replied to Arthur's hail walked aft and spoke to the boy.

A small rowboat was dragging astern of the vessel.

The boy caught hold of her painter, pulled her close up under the counter and dropped into her.

The man unshipped the rope and tossed it into the boat.

The boy got out a pair of oars and rowed to the raft.

Rowing up alongside of the low craft, he caught hold of its side.

"Where are you from and how did you get adrift?" he asked.

"I'll explain everything when you take me over to the schooner," answered Arthur.

"Jump in."

The young author was glad to do so, and in a few minutes he climbed aboard the schooner.

"Well, young man, how came you to be adrift on that raft?" asked the man who proved to be the owner and skipper of the vessel.

"It's something of a story," said Arthur, who then detailed all the facts concerning his encounter with the two men and the red-headed boy at the bridge near Jinxville, and the ruse he adopted to get away from them, which resulted in placing him in the predicament from which he was just rescued.

"You've had quite an experience," said the skipper, whose name was Bridge. "I suppose you are hungry?"

"Yes, I could eat a good breakfast if one was set before me."

"Joe, take this young fellow with you and scare up some victuals for him," said the skipper, addressing the lad, who was his son.

"Follow me," said Joe.

He took Arthur into the cabin and set a plate of cold corn beef and some bread and butter, with a glass of milk, before him.

"That's the best I can give you now," he said. "We'll have dinner in a couple of hours or less, and then you can fill up."

"This is all right," said Arthur, eating away like the hungry boy he was. "But couldn't you put me ashore in that small boat?"

"You don't want to go ashore till we come to the next town, and that won't be for two or three hours yet at the rate we're moving."

"The further I go down the river the further I'll have to walk back."

"Walk back! Why you can get a train at Bakerstown that will take you to Northville, and you can walk home from there, as you say you live six miles from that place."

"I haven't any money with which to buy a ticket to Northville."

"No? That's bad. What are you going to do?"

"That is what bothers me. It's a pretty stiff walk from here to Northville."

"I should say so. It's more than forty miles. You'd have to beg your meals on the way, and you might be arrested as a vagrant, though, of course, you don't look like one, and I don't suppose you would be held after you told your story. Now if I were you I'd stay aboard here and go to New Haven with us. We're carrying a cargo for that place, and dad expects to take on another for New York. You could turn in and help us unload and then help load up. Dad would be willing to pay you enough to take you back home by rail and leave you something over. That would be ever so much better than trying to tramp or beat your way back from Bakerstown. What do you say?"

Arthur thought well of the proposition and said he would be willing to go on the schooner to New Haven and work for enough to take him home.

Joe went on deck to see his father about it, and the skipper agreed to it, so the matter was settled.

Joe said he was cook and general factotum aboard the schooner, and told Arthur to come forward to the little galley below the deck and help get dinner.

"I s'pose you're used to helping around the kitchen at home?" Joe said to him.

"Oh, yes. I often help my aunt when she is getting dinner," replied Arthur.

Joe handed him a pan with some potatoes in it and told him to peel them.

The job wasn't a new one to the young author, and he showed he knew how to do it in proper style.

His companion started up the fire, which had been shut off since breakfast, put water on to boil, and went about his other

preparations for dinner in a way that proved he knew his business.

"I suppose your folks will wonder where you have gone to?" said Joe.

"No doubt about that, but I guess it won't hurt them any."

Arthur, having taken a liking to the skipper's son, told him about the trouble he had had with his uncle over his story writing.

"Can you really write stories?" asked Joe, regarding Arthur as a superior sort of boy.

"My friends think I'm first rate at it," said Arthur.

"Why does your uncle object to you doing it? I should think he would be glad to know you had so much ability."

"My uncle isn't in sympathy with literature. He has a very poor opinion of authors. I don't believe he's ever read a work of fiction in his life. I've never seen him read anything but the village paper, and a farming journal he subscribed for every year. He doesn't care much for reading."

"I know two or three men just like him so far as reading is concerned, but I never heard them find any fault with writers."

Arthur described how his uncle threw the manuscript of his first story into the fire.

"If you are a good writer, I know what I'd do if I were in your shoes," said Joe.

"What would you do?"

"I'd go to New York and look for a job in some literary shop where they print books and story papers. If you're stuck on writing, what's the use of going home and having your uncle burn up all you write? In New York you could sell what you write and make money. After you got started you'd make more money than by following the surveying business in the country."

"That's my opinion," said Arthur, much pleased at his companion's encouragement. "I intended to learn surveying to please my uncle, but I meant to write during my spare time, and send my stories to the papers that printed such things. In that way I hoped to get a start in literature that would warrant giving my whole time to it, and then I might make a name in the literary world."

"That would be all right if your uncle didn't interfere and stop you writing. If you wrote a story to a paper, and your uncle took it away from you and burned it up, you wouldn't be able to do much."

"I'm satisfied my uncle wouldn't let me do any writing if he could prevent it. He'd get Noah to watch me."

"Who's Noah?"

"My cousin. He'd do whatever his father told him. It was he who gave me away yesterday, and so brought about all the trouble that resulted in my leaving the house last night to take the manuscript of my new story to a friend of mine in the village to keep for me so it would be safe. I have the story with me now, that is, what I have written of it, ten chapters."

"Is that so? Where is it?"

"Buttoned inside of my vest here," and Arthur showed him the edge of the package.

"Let me read it after dinner, will you?"

"I will. If you are a judge of stories you will be able to pass an opinion on it and see what kind of an author I am."

"What sort of a story is it?"

Bob told him.

"A boy's story, eh? I've read a bunch of them, and I know a good one when I see it. I'll show you some I have. You could write down the names and addresses of the publishers, and when you have finished your story you could take it to one of them and let him read it. He might buy it from you and give you a good price. Most of the books I've read were printed in New York, so that's the place for you to go, and not back home. You can go there on this schooner, and help us unload her, and dad will let you stay aboard until we get a return cargo, and then pay you whatever is coming to you, so you'll have something to live on till you get started," said Joe.

The prospect of going to New York and trying his hand at authorship for a living was quite alluring to Arthur.

It would give him the chance he was yearning for.

It is true it would not be treating his uncle exactly right, for he owed a good deal to Caleb Claypole—his education and bringing up since his mother's death—but he argued that his uncle had acted very unfairly toward him by his unreasonable opposition toward his literary aspirations.

Seeing the bent of his mind, Mr. Claypole should have let him put in his spare time as he saw fit.

But authorship and play-acting were two things his uncle wouldn't stand for under any circumstances.

He was thoroughly prejudiced against both.

Arthur knew that and he felt that his only show to try his luck in the former profession was to cut loose from his home, and this he determined to do before the day was out.

He was called upon to set the table in the cabin, and help carry the cooked food there.

Then the captain, his one man and Arthur sat down to dinner, Joe remaining at the helm.

The skipper finished first and relieved his son.

Then the man left the table and went forward to smoke his pipe.

Arthur stayed at the table with Joe, and listened to the lad's talk about his life afloat and ashore.

The young author learned that Joe's home was in New Haven, where he had a mother and several sisters, and the headquarters of the coasting schooner was naturally at that place.

The vessel was constantly employed carrying freight either to New York or points on the Connecticut River.

Sometimes she went to New London or Providence to load for New York.

Joe said he liked the work, and he didn't know that he was good for anything else.

"Would you like it as well if you were working for a stranger?" said Arthur.

"No, I wouldn't have quite so easy a time of it. You see, our schooner hardly ever gets outside the Sound, except, of course, when we go up to Providence, and then we run through Block Island Sound to Narragansett Bay. I prefer inshore to offshore sailing, because it's smoother going as a rule," said Joe.

"It's smooth enough on the river here," said Arthur.

"Oh, this is a picnic," grinned Joe.

He got up and called on the young author to help him carry the dishes back to the galley, where he washed them, while Arthur wiped them dry.

Then they carried them back to the cabin and put them away in the locker where they were kept.

After that they went forward and sat down near the scuttle cover of the galley.

"Now, let's have your story," said Joe, pulling out a package of cigarettes. "Have a smoke?"

"No. I don't smoke," said Arthur, getting out the package of manuscript.

"Say, you might read it yourself. You can wrestle with your own writing better than I could," said Joe.

The young author was willing to do that, and he started in without loss of time.

Joe listened while he puffed at his cigarette, and at the end of the first chapter he said the story started well and he guessed it was going to be a good one.

"I thought you'd like it because the hero is a young sailor, though I don't say much about the sea. A fellow can't write intelligently about what he doesn't understand. The only ships I ever saw were in Boston harbor when I lived there, and then I was too young to take much notice of them."

"How long did you live in Boston?"

"The first ten years of my life."

"And the rest of the time you've lived with your uncle on the farm?"

"Yes."

"I heard dad say that Boston was quite a place for literary people; but just the same there are more books, magazines and papers printed in New York."

"That's because it's a great deal bigger city than Boston, and might be called the business center of the country. Nearly all the ocean steamers sail from there, and a good part of the sailing vessels."

"That's right. New York is the place, in my opinion. I've been all over it and like it first rate."

"You might show me around it if you have time."

"Sure I will. We're bound to lay over Sunday at our East River pier. I'll show you all the sights. We'll make a whole day of it."

"That will be fine. It will give me a line on the city."

"Sure it will. Go on with your yarn."

Arthur went on and finished up to the point he had written.

"If the rest is as good as what you have done, you ought to be able to sell it right off the reel. It's a heap better than half the boys' stories I've read," declared Joe, as he lighted his sixth cigarette.

CHAPTER IX.

IN NEW YORK.

It was along about dark that the schooner dipped her nose into the Sound, and it was well into the night when she moored alongside her wharf.

Arthur was asleep forward at the time, and he knew nothing about the arrival of the vessel at her destination.

Next morning when he was aroused at six o'clock he saw where he was.

The skipper had gone home, but Joe was on his usual job.

Arthur helped him out and the two boys sat down with the one sailor and had breakfast together.

By the time things were cleaned up the captain was down and then the center hatch was taken off and the unloading commenced, with all hands working, the captain bossing the operations.

No sooner was the schooner cleared out than the freight intended for New York came along and they started to put it aboard.

When work stopped at five, there was still more than half of the merchandise yet on the dock, covered with tarpaulins.

Arthur had worked hard that day, and as he wasn't used to such labor, he was sore in his muscles and dead tired.

"You look all in," grinned Joe, as they started to get supper.

"I'm kind of tired. I'm not used to this kind of work," said the young author.

"Driving a pen over paper is a whole lot easier, ain't it?"

"Very much so."

"It isn't so healthy, though. A fellow needs fresh air and exercise to keep in good shape."

"A writer can get that if he goes and walks around an hour or two."

"Walking doesn't get up much perspiration, except in hot weather."

"It's good exercise, though."

"I guess I'd sooner read books than write them. It must be hard work sometimes finding ideas to put into stories."

"I haven't found it hard so far," said Arthur.

"I should think you would in that story. You've only got one character so far, and he's on an island hundreds of miles away from any place. How came you to think up all those curious things he's run against so far? How are you going to explain what they are? The story is interesting because you keep bringing something new in all the time. I'd like to read the whole story to see what those glowing eyes belong to. The explanation has got to come out in the end, and with it all the side issues, otherwise there'd be nothing to the yarn."

"Everything will be explained in its proper place," said Arthur.

"You must send me a copy when the story is printed."

"It might never be printed."

"Why not? As far as I heard you read it, it's first-class, in my opinion. If the rest of it is as good, it's bound to be a go. If I like it, other people will like it. I guess it'll be printed all right."

When Arthur was routed out next morning he was stiff and sore in earnest.

He might be compared to a ballplayer on the morning after the first spring training day.

Almost every move he made pained him.

He crawled out on deck and came face to face with Joe.

"Holy smoke! You act as if you had suddenly become an old man. Are you as bad as that?"

"I can hardly get around."

"You'll have to work it off this morning."

"I don't see how I can do a thing."

"It'll come hard, but work is the physic for you. Get out there on the dock and run around a bit."

"I couldn't run to save my life."

"I'll bet if you were out on the plains with a bunch of Indians after your scalp you'd run all right. Go on now, and exercise yourself before the old man turns up. There's a lot of stuff to be got aboard yet, and it will take nearly all day to get it stowed away, so you've got to be on the job. I'll get breakfast, and after you've jogged from the end of the wharf to the street about fifty times, come aboard and set the table."

Arthur limped ashore and started to exercise himself in the manner prescribed by Joe.

It was a perfect martyrdom at first, but as he got warmed up he got used to it, though at no time did his legs and body feel less sore.

Finally Joe called him off and sent him into the cabin.

Joe told his father how their new hand was pretty well bunged up by his unusual efforts of the previous day, so Arthur was favored after the daily routine of loading was resumed.

It was a forenoon of suffering for him, but he stuck to his work like a major, and did his best without a word of complaint.

Things went better during the afternoon, and by half-past four the main hatch was put on, and the deck cleared up, which work fell to Arthur and Joe.

Supper was then in order, and then the schooner left her moorings and started for the Sound.

As the wind was good and she got a favorable slant, it didn't take the vessel long to strike the Sound, and her head was then pointed westward.

Arthur turned in about nine, and when he woke in the morning the schooner was nearing her pier on the East River front of the big city.

As soon as she was moored, breakfast was put on the table, and when it was over the skipper went off to report his arrival and arrange for getting out his cargo.

As nothing was likely to be done till after dinner, Joe told Arthur he would show him over the lower part of the city.

That suited the young author first-rate, and they started off. "This is South street," said Joe, when they stepped into the street facing the piers.

"The houses have an oldish look," said Arthur, "and look squatty."

"This is the old part of the town. Lots of the buildings around here have old-fashioned dormer windows on the top floor. The floors are all low. That four-story building over there is hardly as tall as a modern three-story one. This is the shipping side of the city. The steamers come in on the west side along the Hudson River, and the railroad ferry houses are over there, too. We'll get around there after a while."

"That's the Brooklyn Bridge," said Arthur, pointing at the big pier on his right, and the long span over the river.

"It surely is. I'll take you on it this evening," said Joe, leading the way southward.

South street was full of loaded and empty trucks, passing to and fro, and was a scene of great activity.

They crossed over to the sidewalk and walked along, Arthur taking in everything with an eager eye.

He was actually in New York, the city he had longed to visit, and his feelings can only be appreciated by one who has passed through a similar experience.

They walked around the end of the city and struck Battery Park, or "The Battery," as it is more often called.

Being a fine, balmy, June morning, the benches were full of loungers—people who were unable to find work, as well as those who wouldn't work if a job was handed to them on a silver platter.

Of course, Arthur had heard a lot about the Battery, and had seen pictures of it, and it was a great delight for him to tread its flagging.

Joe took him into the Aquarium in the old Castle Garden building, but they did not stay any longer than it took them to make a hasty round of the tanks.

Then they took their way up West street, which bordered the Hudson River.

This street, though wider than South street, was more congested with vehicles loaded with goods en route for the different European and coastwise steamship piers.

While the piers on South street are open, like ordinary wharves, those on West street are closed off by great freight sheds, built over their entire length.

Joe took his companion up as far as Chambers street, into which they turned and walked up to Broadway.

"This is Broadway, and it runs as far as you can see, and a whole lot further. We'll cross over into City Hall Park. That big building blocking the way yonder is the Post-office. That squatty building in the park with the clock on top is the City Hall, and it's a pretty bum one for the biggest city in the country."

Joe then pointed out the buildings on Park Row occupied in part by several of the big dailies.

Then each bought a paper of a newsboy to take back to the schooner, and then Joe took Arthur down Nassau street, into Wall and Broad streets, the region of the sky-scrapers.

He showed him the Stock Exchange and other buildings of note, and they finally got back to the vessel about half-past eleven.

After dinner the hatch was taken off, and the unloading began.

A good part of Arthur's soreness had worn off, and he was fairly lively.

After the supper dishes had been cleaned up and put away, Joe and the young author started for the entrance of the Brooklyn Bridge.

They walked across the bridge and up the business section of Fulton street in Brooklyn.

On their return they rested a while in City Hall Park, and then went back to the schooner.

Next day was Saturday, and they finished the unloading of the vessel that day.

On Monday and Tuesday she was to take on a load for New Haven, and sail Tuesday evening.

Sunday, therefore, was the only day the boys would have to themselves, and they determined to make the most of it.

Joe was up first, and, going ashore, got a copy of two morning dailies, each consisting of from forty to sixty pages of reading matter and advertisements, chiefly the latter.

Both papers contained hundreds of classified advertisements, and among these Joe thought his friend might find something to suit him, for it was necessary for him to earn a living doing something while he was finishing his story.

Joe looked over the news, then the baseball scores, and finally the comic supplements, and while engrossed with the last, Arthur came on deck.

"Here's two morning papers," said Joe. "There's the sections containing the small advertisements. You'd better look over them while I'm getting breakfast. Cut out any advertisement that strikes you, and you can call on the people in the morning. If you catch on, dad will hire a man to take your place at loading."

Arthur ran over the long list of help wanted, and he found several that appealed to him.

One was an assistant wanted in the mailing department of a publishing house, the applicant to apply in person at nine o'clock next morning.

By the time Arthur had gone through the advertisements in both papers, breakfast was ready, and he dropped the papers to set the table in the cabin.

Most of the advertisements he had picked out required that replies be sent care of a numbered box in the newspaper office.

These advertisements he answered after breakfast, giving his address as the general delivery in the main Post-office.

The two boys started out about nine o'clock, and on their way uptown Arthur left two of the letters at the newspaper office on Park Row, and mailed the others.

They spent the whole day away from the schooner, the captain and his man taking their Sunday dinner at a restaurant on South street.

They returned in time to get up a light supper, and being tired after their sight-seeing, they turned in early.

CHAPTER X.

ON TRIAL.

The publishing house that wanted an assistant mailing clerk was not far from Park Row, and Joe accompanied Arthur there to make sure he reached the right place.

It was a quarter past eight when they got there, and already six applicants were in line.

Arthur took his place in the line, and Joe left him.

At a few minutes before nine the young chap at the head of the line was told to walk into a small office.

By that time there were twenty in the line.

One by one the applicants were admitted and interviewed as to their qualifications to fill the bill.

Arthur was the most gentlemanly and intelligent looking of the lot, and took the eye of the boss of the mailing-room, but his qualifications were rather disappointing, as he had had no experience whatever in a publishing house.

After questioning him closely, the man said:

"You won't do at all, young man, for the position in my department, but you might do upstairs in the editorial rooms. I heard this morning that an assistant is wanted by one of the editors. You might go up and see him. Here, Tommy, take this young man up to Mr. Hall's room. Tell him I sent him."

Among the numerous publications put out by the house was a sixteen-page weekly called "Young America," devoted to boys' stories, and Mr. Hall was the editor of it.

Arthur was conducted to his office, a small room on the third floor, containing two desks, back to back, against a window looking out on a dingy and narrow court, where the sunshine seldom penetrated, a table and some shelving filled with divers publications in apparent, and in some cases actual, confusion.

Each desk had a pivot chair, and there were two others, one of which was overflowing with a miscellaneous assortment of papers and magazines.

On the floor was a carpet worn threadbare, while the walls looked grim and smoky, and the bare spaces were ornamented with a file of the current volume of "Young America" and other things connected with the publication.

Mr. Hall was at his desk looking over some page proofs of the forthcoming issue from the press, which was printed three weeks in advance of the date of publication, and smoking a cigarette.

Tommy delivered his message and skipped.

"Sit down, I'll talk to you in a moment," said the editor to Arthur.

A moment meant about fifteen minutes, during which Mr. Hall went out of the room with the proofs and came back without them.

He took his seat at his desk, lighted a fresh cigarette, and looked at Arthur.

"Your name is——"

"Arthur Forbes," said the boy, politely.

"Have you had any editorial experience?"

"None whatever," replied the youthful author.

"Hum! I'm afraid I can't use you. I need an assistant to run the small departments, such as the 'Items of Interest,' 'Ticklers,' meaning jokes, 'Exchange Department,' and the 'Puzzler's Budget.' Also to pick out short paragraphs from newspapers and periodicals that will interest boys and submit them to my inspection. There are other duties connected with the position which it is unnecessary for me to mention now. To satisfactorily fill the bill one needs experience."

Mr. Hall leaned back in his chair and puffed his cigarette.

"I understand that, sir, but a person has got to learn before he can get the experience," said Arthur.

"Quite true, but I hardly think I can afford the time necessary to break you in. I intended to advertise for a capable young man. The job pays \$12, with prospects of a raise in the course of time. I am sorry you haven't some experience, for I like your appearance and manners. I'd be willing to make allowances, but as you are absolutely deficient in editorial routine, why——"

"I am sorry, sir, for I'd like to get on a boys' paper. I've already written part of a boys' story, which several of my friends have favorably criticised."

"Indeed! What's the motif?"

"I have it with me. If you would glance over a few pages you would be able to form an idea of its merit."

"I'll look at it. It may give me a line on your abilities in a general way."

Arthur unbuttoned his vest and produced the package containing his manuscript, which he handed to the editor.

Mr. Hall opened it and glanced at the title.

Then he read the first page without difficulty, for Arthur's penmanship was as clear almost as a typewriter.

He read half way down the second page.

"Is this the first story you have written?" he said.

"Yes."

"I like your style," he said; "you have the proper swing, and you use simple words. How much have you got here?"

"Ten chapters."

"You may leave your manuscript, with your address, and I will see how it pans out. If I think I can use it, when completed, I will send for you and will then advise you as to length, and so forth."

"I will leave it with you if you wish, but I have no address at present. I only arrived in the city last Friday, and I am stopping aboard the schooner I came on. I expect to hunt up a room somewhere this afternoon or to-night. The most important thing, however, with me is to find a position, as I have practically no money."

"You are a stranger here, then?"

"Yes."

"Where did you come from?"

"A farm near the village of Jinxville, in Massachusetts."

"You don't look like a farm boy."

"I'm not. I was born in Boston, and when my parents died I went to live with my uncle, who is a farmer. He gave me a high school education and intended to make a surveyor of me. I prefer authorship if I can make good at it."

"So you came to New York to look for an opening, eh?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you bring sufficient money with you to carry you for a while?"

"I didn't have the chance to bring anything with me. It is

only by accident I have the manuscript. I brought nothing except what I stand in."

The editor whistled and regarded Arthur curiously.

"Did you run away from the farm?"

"No, sir, I was run away with."

"How is that?"

The young author told his story in as few words as possible.

"You had quite an experience," smiled the editor. "Well, I'll tell you what I'll do. As you appear to be a good writer, and would be handy to have around, I'll give you a few days' trial here. I'll explain what I want you to do, one thing at a time, and show you how to do it if you don't catch right on, and that will give you the chance to make good if it's in you."

"I'm much obliged to you."

"As the current number is just out of my hands, I'll have a little time to-day and to-morrow to devote to you. You can take that desk. Put your hat on top of it. Take down that file of the paper hanging there and study its style. Pay particular attention to the long and short miscellaneous paragraphs you will find, so as to get a line on the kind of material we use for them. Then look over the columns devoted to the departments. The jokes, you will notice, are all connected in some way with young persons. That's the kind I shall require you to hunt up, clip out and paste on a sheet of paper, one under the other, with a short space between. The items of interest must all be short—from one to three or four lines. The Exchange notices are sent in to us by our readers, and frequently have to be boiled down; that is, abbreviated. In every case superfluous words must be cut out. The puzzles are also furnished by readers, but they have to be carefully gone over with a view to their correctness, their adaptability, their novelty and their originality. You will find that the hardest department to conduct; but if you measure up to my requirements in the other particulars, we will edit the puzzles together till you get the hang of what is wanted. Now sit down and take your time over the file. Give your attention wholly to the matters you will have to attend to, and nothing else."

Thus speaking, the editor returned to his desk, lighted another cigarette and, after looking at his watch, picked up Arthur's manuscript and went on reading it, which showed that the first chapter had made a favorable impression on him, and he wanted to see if what followed was treated in equally good style.

Mr. Hall had had a long and varied experience with what is called juvenile literature, and could tell a promising story at a glance.

The house bought available manuscript only from its regular staff of writers, all of whom had years of experience behind them.

It did not follow that everything they sent in on order was accepted.

Writers having a steady output not infrequently grow careless, and this carelessness, which affects the standard of their product more or less, is immediately detected by the "reader" of the publishing house, or the editor, if he does the "reading" himself at first hand, and any noticeable falling away in the interest or technique of a story leads to its return to the author.

Where the writer is a regular contributor the editor will accompany the manuscript with a note of explanation, which in some cases takes the form of a "call down."

Hardly a week passed that Mr. Hall did not get several unsolicited manuscripts.

These were immediately returned without inspection as unavailable.

A standing notice was printed at the head of the "Answers to Correspondents" column which stated that the paper printed only stories from its regular staff of contributors, and could not use others.

The titles of all manuscript received from free-lance authors and declined were printed immediately under the notice.

Under these circumstances it was decidedly out of the ordinary for the editor to give his time to Arthur's story, particularly as it was uncompleted, but the conditions surrounding its receipt were unusual, and what was of more importance he had been struck by the ability shown by this new writer in his first effort.

It wasn't that Arthur was a "fine writer," though he showed a remarkable command of rhetoric for one of his years and inexperience, and his grammar was correct in the ordinary sense.

It was the way he handled his material.

As the editor proceeded with it he had to admit that the

best author they had had nothing on the boy in this respect. Not a paragraph dragged.

His sentences were usually short and of varying length, and sounded euphonious—that is, pleasant to the ear.

There was no "padding" or superfluous writing, for everything the young author had put down was necessary to the sense of the story.

And finally there was an interest that gripped the reader at the start and held it.

It was this interest, as much as anything else, that made Mr. Hall continue the reading of the manuscript.

So while Arthur sat at the other desk and carefully studied the file of the "Young America" in order to master the requirements of the position he hoped to make good at, the editor turned over sheet after sheet of the boy's story, and finally reached the point where it broke off.

Then he rewrapped the manuscript, and put it on the top of his desk, and went on with other matters.

CHAPTER XI.

ARTHUR GETS A ROOM.

At eleven o'clock the editor came around to Arthur's desk.

"You can lay that file aside now," he said. "Go through those papers and periodicals on that chair and cut out such paragraphs and jokes as you think we can use. Any paragraphs you entertain a doubt about blue pencil them and lay the paper one side for my inspection. I will examine your work after a while."

Thus Arthur received his first orders, and he proceeded to execute them to the best of his ability.

At half-past twelve the editor told him he could go out to lunch.

"You're entitled to half an hour," said Mr. Hall, who then told him he would find several cheap lunch-houses on William street near by.

Arthur put on his hat and went out.

Mr. Hall sat down at his desk and looked over his work.

He went over the twenty jokelets first and found that the young author had caught the idea right as far as they were concerned.

Every one was available.

Then he glanced through the paragraphs Arthur had cut out.

They, too, were all right.

"I believe he'll do after all," thought Mr. Hall, blowing a cloud of cigarette smoke. "At any rate he seems to have got on to what we want."

Four periodicals lay near by with slips in them.

The editor picked one up, opened it at the slip and saw a long paragraph blue penciled.

He noticed something written on the slip.

It was Arthur's note and ran as follows:

"Seems to be what you want, but may be too long. I see where it can be cut without spoiling the idea. Q.V."

Now Q. V. are the first letters of two Latin words, viz. "Quod vide," meaning "which see," and are used frequently in works of reference.

Mr. Hall recognized their meaning at once, and he looked more closely at the paragraph, and saw that Arthur, who had used the abbreviation from force of habit, had underscored certain sentences lightly with a pencil.

The boy had practically edited the long paragraph and improved it, a fact that Mr. Hall perceived at once.

That one thing did more to satisfy the editor that Arthur would fill the bill than anything else.

He cut out the paragraph and run his pencil through the sentences as marked.

The other paragraphs were marked doubtful, and Mr. Hall himself turned them all down.

Then he returned to his desk well satisfied.

At the end of thirty minutes Arthur came back.

"I have looked over your work and find it all right," said the editor. "The long paragraph would have gone through, but you have edited it to advantage. I think you will pan out, Arthur, and I am glad of it for I like you, and I'd rather have you here than the average run of young fellows who would be likely to answer my advertisement. After observing what you did with the paragraph I think you will be able to handle the Exchange column and the Items of Interest all right. As to the puzzles we'll handle them between us until you catch the idea. You can finish the papers, and then paste the clippings on sheets of that manilla paper. After that you can tackle this batch of Exchange notices. I'm going to lunch."

Arthur was pleased to death at the editor's words.

His chances of holding the job had gone up 100 per cent.

Then it was possible that his story, when he had finished it, might go through, too.

He didn't know what he would get for it, but he was sure he would be paid enough to put him on Easy street, not speaking of his \$12 a week salary, which was twice as much as he had expected to get out of his first job.

Mr. Hall before he went out walked upstairs and saw one of the proprietors of the house.

He told him he had secured an assistant who he believed was much above the average.

He mentioned Arthur's literary ability as evidenced by the part of a boys' story he had submitted for inspection, and he said he intended to use it in the paper if it turned out good all the way through.

The proprietor nodded and then the editor went into the cashier's room and handed him a slip on which he had written Arthur's name and the wages.

"What's his address?" asked the cashier.

"He's going to move. I'll send it up when he lets me know."

Then the editor went to lunch.

When five o'clock came Arthur was told that his work was over for the day.

"Our office hours are from nine till five," said Mr. Hall. "Here is your story. You can finish it, with a view to its being accepted if it maintains its interest to the end. Our stories are published in three-chapter instalments, to run thirteen issues, the last instalment to be one chapter. The idea is to have each instalment end with a situation that will arouse curiosity as to what follows. So far you have accidentally hit that requirement. Continue it, though the twelfth instalment need not follow the rule. If I take your story you will receive \$125 on publication of the first instalment. Good-night."

Arthur found his way back to the schooner all right, and he was smiling all over when he encountered Joe, who was washing up after his day's exertions.

"Hello, Arthur, you must have caught on," said Joe. "We looked for you to come back and when you didn't dad hired a longshoreman to fill your place."

"I'm glad he did, for I've got a job on trial which I think I'll hold," replied Arthur.

"Mailing papers?"

"No. I was turned down on that, but the man sent me upstairs to one of the editors who needed an assistant, and he took me on trial. The chances are in my favor. What do you think? The house publishes a boys' story paper, and I'm on that."

"You don't say. That's great luck for you."

"I should say so. And the editor read what I've written of my story, and he likes it. He gave me instructions how to finish it, and said if he took it he would pay me \$125 when he began printing it."

"Gee! You'll be rich in no time. How much wages are you going to get?"

"Twelve dollars a week."

"You've struck the sunny side for fair. You didn't make any mistake in taking my advice and coming to New York."

"I admit it, and I won't forget what you've done for me. I'll make it all right with you as soon as I can."

"Don't worry about making it right with me. Just send me the paper when your story comes out, and send me anything else you write."

"I'll do that sure. Write down your address in New Haven for me. And I want to see you every time you come to the city."

"You'll see me, bet your life. Now how about your lodgings? You can stay aboard the schooner to-night, but we sail to-morrow evening. I guess we'd better go hunt up a place this evening after supper. When do you have to get to work in the morning?"

"Nine o'clock."

"And you quit at five?"

"Yes."

"Those are good hours. Now as you are not familiar with the city you want to get a room near Broadway or the Third or Sixth avenue elevated roads. The Third avenue will be the most convenient for you, for a City Hall train will land you close to where you work."

"That will be the best. If I don't like the house I can move somewhere else as soon as I get familiar with the city."

"Sure. You can move any time."

Arthur told Captain Bridge at the supper table about his

job, and the skipper congratulated him on securing a satisfactory position so soon.

After supper he paid him for his services on the schooner, and loaned him \$5 in addition to help him along.

"You'll need it before you get paid, for you will have to get yourself some things you need right away."

"You haven't deducted the money you loaned me to buy the shirt and collar I have on and the new tie," said Arthur.

"I'll make you a present of them," said the good-natured skipper. "You can return that \$5 the next time you see me. We may be back here with a load in a week. There's no telling."

"I'm greatly obliged to you, Captain Bridge," said Arthur, gratefully.

"Don't mention it. Happy to do you a service. I suppose you'll write to your uncle now?"

"I will just as soon as I'm positively certain about my job. I hope he'll send me my trunk. He might be too mad to do it."

"If I got the chance I'd run up to Northville on the train, and bring it down to the schooner with me. That would save you the express charges," said Joe. "We are liable to have a load up the river any time."

"That would be fine. I'll give you an order on my uncle for it so you could get it, and I'll pay your expenses."

"Pay nothing. It wouldn't cost much, and dad would stand for it."

"But you and your father have already done a great deal for me."

"We've only given you a little lift, and we believe in helping people who deserve it."

Supper being over, they cleared away, and then Joe looked the morning paper over under "Rooms to Let" for something that would suit Arthur near Third avenue.

He cut out several and they went uptown and looked at three places.

The last house they visited suited Arthur the best.

It was kept by an English widow named Caxey.

She supported herself by letting lodgings to single gentlemen.

Her house was on a side street just west of Third avenue, near an elevated station.

She was stout, middle-aged and good-natured, and spoke with a cockney accent.

She offered a neat back hall-room to Arthur for \$1.50 a week in advance.

"I'll take it, ma'am," said the young author. "I don't think I could do better. I can't give you any reference as I'm a stranger in the city."

"Bless you 'eart, your face is reference enough for me. I can see you're a hout and hout young gent, and them's the kind I want, but don't halways get. The gent who hoccured this room lawst 'ad no conscience. 'E paid me honly one week's rent when 'e took the room, which 'e 'ad to do to get in. After that I couldn't get a penny hout of 'im, and I 'ad to put 'im hout in the hend. Hit's a cryin' shame that a lone widow woman should be so himposed upon."

"Yes, ma'am, it is. You'll get your rent regularly from me," said Arthur.

"I'm sure I will. I like your face, though, to be sure, you cawn't judge every person by 'is face. Mrs. Jones, whose 'usband is hon the Hiland for non-support, told me that 'arf the faces in the Rogue's Gallery look like ministers. Ah, me, it's a hawful world, Mr.— what did you say your name was?"

"Arthur Forbes."

"Harthur! A nice name and hit's happropriat to you. There was a king in Hingland once by that name hif my memory serves me right, who used to heat hoff a round table, which as hit was spoke hoff in 'istory must 'ave been somethin' hout hoff the common. Hif you'll come downstairs hif'll 'and you a receipt for your first week's rent and the latch key so you can get hin hat any time, though I 'ope you keep good hours, not that hif'll 'ave anythin' to say hif you don't, seein' as hit's none of my business," said the widow, leading the way to the basement where she held forth herself with a pretty niece who worked in a millinery store on Tihrd avenue.

Arthur got the receipt and the latch key, and then wrote down the landlady's name and the number of the house with the name of the street.

"You cawn't miss the 'ouse, Mr. Harthur, 'cause the helevated station is hon the next corner, and hall you 'ave to do is to walk one short block this way, after crossin' the street, and this 'ouse is the fifth from the corner," said the lady.

"Oh, I'll have no trouble, ma'am. I'll be here to-morrow night."

"You can send your trunk and hif'll look after hit, and 'ave hit put in your room," said the Widow Caxey, as she let them out the area door.

Arthur smiled and Joe grinned at the mention of the trunk. Then they started back for the schooner.

CHAPTER XII.

ARTHUR'S FIRST STORY IN PRINT.

Arthur held up his end all right next day at the publishing house, and at five o'clock he rushed down to the schooner to have supper with Captain Bridge and his son and bid them good-by.

The schooner pulled out at nine o'clock, when the tide changed, and Arthur watched her sails till they vanished up the river.

Then he made his way to the City Hall elevated station and took a train uptown.

He got out at the right station and had no difficulty in going straight to Mrs. Caxey's house.

He let himself in with a latch-key and walked up to his room.

The widow, who was evidently on the watch, came up a few minutes later and knocked on his door.

"Come in," said Arthur.

"HI came hup to tell you that your trunk didn't come, Mr. Harthur," said the landlady after wishing him good-evening.

"I didn't expect it, ma'am. It's at my uncle's farm in Massachusetts, and it may be a week or more before I get it," replied the young author.

"You'll be hat a great hincovenience without hit. Didn't you bring nothin' hat all with you?" said the lady, peering about the room for a suitcase.

"No, ma'am, not a thing. My departure was sudden and quite unexpected."

"Ow are you goin' to get along without a change of clothes till you get your trunk?"

"I'm going to buy what I need. They'll come in handy, anyway, even after I get my trunk," said Arthur, with a smile.

Mrs. Caxey was silenced, and she went downstairs; but though she had taken a fancy to the young author, the absence of a trunk, or even a suit-case, in the new lodger's room, got on her nerves, for she considered it a suspicious circumstance.

Still, she had to admit that it was no worse than a trunk filled with a collection of bricks.

This was a misfortune she had encountered more than once, and a new lodger never came into her house now that she didn't try to test his baggage in some way.

Unconscious of the cloud he had cast over the landlady's mind, Arthur went to bed, and at seven next morning he was up and out looking for a restaurant.

You don't need a guide to find one on Third avenue, and long before eight he had put himself outside a meal.

To kill time he walked down as far as the Ninth street station.

There he boarded a train and reached the office at a quarter before nine.

That day he and the editor tackled the puzzles and made short work of them.

The proof of the correspondent column when pasted in place on the dummy ran a couple of inches shy, and Mr. Hall passed the job of filling the space over to his new assistant.

The editor told him to allow for the stereotyped line, "Several communications left over to be answered in our next."

Arthur thought that was funny, seeing that there were not enough communications on hand to fill up; but he knew better than to seek an explanation.

He picked up an English boys' paper, turned to the correspondence column and, calculating the difference in the size of the type, he cut out enough to fill the vacancy.

Then the editor handed him a page dummy where the make-up showed an excess, and told him to cut out enough from the short story to even up the last column.

That was easy for him to do.

When the dummy make-ups were ready he was sent to the printing department with them, and there, for the first time, he saw several type-setting machines in operation, each machine turning out in a day as much type matter as half a dozen hand compositors had formerly done.

When he returned to his lodgings that evening, he brought with him several quires of writing paper, with pens and ink.

He went down in the basement and asked Mrs. Caxey if she could loan him a small table to write on.

She had a small table and she let him have it.

That evening he wrote Chapter XI., and began the next one.

He put in Thursday and Friday evenings in the same way, and quit at the end of the fourteenth chapter.

Two new characters had come into his story—a boy and a girl from a dismantled wreck, brought there by a gale which he had worked up to get them on the scene.

Then he figured out how he should end the next chapter, noted it down on a slip of paper, wrapped his work up in its covering, and stowed it under his mattress, as he had no other place to put it.

At noon next day he received his first pay envelope, and found the expected \$12 in it.

He looked at it several times before quitting time came at one, for it was the first money he had ever earned.

He spent the afternoon working on his story, and had started on the sixth instalment when he was interrupted by a knock on the door.

It was Mrs. Caxey with a letter for him.

The letter was post-marked from New Haven, and Arthur knew it was from Joe.

The landlady viewed the pile of manuscript with a curious eye.

"Beggin' your pardon, Mister Harthur, but might I hawsk what hall that writin' is about?"

"That, ma'am, is a continued story I'm writing for the publication I am connected with," answered the boy.

"Are you a hauthor, sir?" looking doubtfully at her young lodger.

"I'm trying to be."

"Hi've 'eard that hauthors 'ave a 'ard time of hit."

"It is something of a struggle to secure recognition."

"Hi 'ad a hauthor in my square front room one time, and 'e was halways writin' just as you are now. 'E told me that some day 'is name would hoccupy a niche in the Temple of Fame. If I 'ad my way 'is face would hoccupy a niche in the Rogues' Gallery, for 'e 'ooked hit harfter standin' me hup for three weeks' rent. Hi 'ope you're goin' to get paid for hall that work, for hif you was to 'ook it I wouldn't 'ave no confidence in nothin'," said Mrs. Caxey.

"Don't worry, ma'am, I'll never cheat you out of a cent."

"You ain't 'eard nothin' from your trunk, 'ave you?"

"You remember the boy who called with me when I took this room?"

"I remember 'e had a face the color hof leather. What habout 'im?"

"This letter is from him. He writes that he's going after my trunk in a day or two, and that the schooner will bring it to New York some time next week, provided he gets it."

"Is 'e a sailor?"

"A fresh water one," said Arthur, wishing the lady would go.

"I 'ad a nephew once who was sailor. 'E was a 'orrible example, 'e was, which I 'ope you'll hexcuse me expressin' myself so plainly, but——"

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Caxey, but as I'm busy this afternoon, I'd consider it a favor if you'd withdraw," said Arthur.

"Hi'm a-goin'. Hif you want anythin' in partic'lar, just holler down hover the banisters and Hi'll 'ear you," said Mrs. Caxey, reluctantly edging toward the door.

"I don't think I'll need anything, ma'am. Good-afternoon."

Good-hafternoon, Mister Tarthur," and she went out, but she immediately opened the door again, and, sticking in her head, said: "Hif you should want a glawss of water, Hi'll be 'appy to——"

"Thank you, ma'am, but I'm not thirsty."

The door closed once more and he heard her retreating footsteps on the stairs, much to his relief.

Then he finished Joe's letter and went on with his story.

He didn't do any writing that evening, believing he was entitled to a little recreation, and he went to a nearby theater.

He spent the whole of the following morning walking about the city, and then he put in the afternoon on his manuscript, reaching the end of Chapter XVII.

On the following Thursday he received a brief visit from Joe at the office.

"I've fetched your trunk, and it's aboard the schooner. I had some trouble in persuading your uncle to let it go. He was mad at you for running away, as he called it, but I told him that your leaving home was an accident. I explained how we found you floating down the river on a raft, took you off and carried you to New York. He wanted to know why you didn't come home instead of sending for your trunk, and I

told him the reason was because you had collared a fine job at \$12 per week, with prospects of a raise, and you had concluded to stay where you were. Then he read your letter over again, and let me have your trunk. He said he hoped you'd do well and leave writing nonsense alone, for, he said, writers, as a rule, didn't amount to shucks."

"I'm glad you got my trunk. If you have the time I wish you'd have it sent up to my lodgings," said Arthur.

"I'll do that," said Joe. "How are you getting on?"

"First rate."

"Glad to hear it. Come down and have supper with us to-night."

"I will. Same wharf?"

"Yes. We always come in at the same place. How's the story progressing?"

"I've got twenty chapters written."

"How many more are you going to have?"

"Seventeen."

"It will be a good-sized yarn. Hurry up and finish it. I want to see it in print."

"I am not certain as yet that it will get into print."

"Why not? You're right here in the office and have a pull with the editor."

"That's all right. But the story has got to measure up to the standard of the paper in every respect or it won't be taken."

When he left the office that afternoon, Arthur went down to the schooner and greeted Captain Bridge.

He returned the \$5 loan, and thanked the skipper for allowing his son to go to his uncle's farm after his trunk.

He wanted to pay the cost of Joe's trip, but the skipper wouldn't hear of it.

The schooner remained over till Tuesday, and during that time Arthur did nothing on his story.

With the arrival of his trunk at his lodgings, all Mrs. Caxey's fears vanished, particularly as she found no trouble in getting her second and third weeks' rent money, and she told her niece that she was "proud to 'ave such a nice young gent in her 'ouse."

With the departure of Joe and the schooner, Arthur applied himself with fresh energy to his story, and inside of three weeks he finished it to his satisfaction and handed it in to Mr. Hall.

A week later he was informed that the story was accepted and would be used right away.

Two weeks later the editor showed him a full-page drawing, representing an incident taken from the first instalment of his story, which was to ornament the first page of "Young America."

It afforded him a feeling of pleasure and exultation that was never equalled by the pictures that embellished his subsequent stories.

The first instalment was duly put in type, and he had the first glimpse of it on the dummy make-up.

During the following week he saw the second full-page illustration, which also went on the front page of the second issue of his story.

Two half-page illustrations followed on an inside page of the third and fourth numbers—each serial published having four pictures.

Most of the stories in "Young America" appeared under the real names of their authors, though some were published under noms de plume.

Several of these authors were the foremost writers of juvenile fiction in the country—three in particular having from thirty to perhaps a hundred bound books on the market.

They received four times the price for their stories that Arthur got when the number containing his first instalment was issued to the public.

That was because their names largely helped to sell the papers containing their stories, and imparted a tone to the publication.

The price Arthur got was the ordinary established figure paid to the staff authors, and these writers furnished, as a rule, as good stories as the higher priced men, but only one of them received special recognition in the way of pay.

In the editor's opinion he was the boss writer on the paper, but it was not the editor's opinion but the returns from the news companies which counted.

More papers were printed and sold when a story by a book writer was started, though the output did not always keep pace with the running of the story.

For one reason or another it would drop off, in spite of the writer's reputation, and the slump was attributed to a sudden lack of interest in his story.

CHAPTER XIII.

SUCCESS.

Ordinarily, Arthur's story wouldn't have appeared so soon after its acceptance, for the stories by the staff authors appeared in regular turn, just as first string pitchers are worked in a league ball team.

The paper's schedule as to continued stories was made up weeks ahead, though it was subject to changes with respect to the book authors, who were autocrats in their way, with presumed fat bank accounts, and they did not always consider it necessary to come to time.

A contract had been entered into weeks before with a certain well-known juvenile writer for a new story, with the understanding that it was to appear at a certain time.

As this man always kept his engagements, arrangements were made in accordance with the terms of his contract.

Before he was half through with the story in question, he was taken seriously ill and ordered to Europe.

He wrote a note to the publishers of "Young America" cancelling his agreement, but the note was not received.

About the time Arthur was finishing up his story, the editor wrote the author at his usual home address, requesting that he forward his manuscript at once, or the bulk of it, if he hadn't finished it.

After some delay, Mr. Hall received word from his secretary that the author was ill in Europe and he was doing nothing in the writing line.

Another of the book authors was at once communicated with, and asked if he had anything on stock that he could swing to "Young America."

The author replied that he was writing a book for a certain publisher, and he couldn't furnish anything at that time.

The editor then fell back on the pile of manuscripts from his staff writers.

Most of these had already been allotted certain dates ahead for reasons, and the editor did not care, nor was it really necessary, to disturb the schedule, since there were several manuscripts that could be used as a filler-in.

At that point Arthur turned in his story.

Mr. Hall had forgotten about it, but it immediately struck him that this was as good a time as any to use the story of a new writer.

He ran over the rest of the manuscript, found that it was even better than the first part, and announced it in the following terms:

"A real treat coming! Week after next we shall print the opening chapters of a splendid serial called 'Marooned on Mystic Isle; or, Finding a Buried Treasure,' by a new author, whom you are bound to like. This is a story that will grip you. Look out for it!"

A month later Arthur's story came out on the news-stands.

The first creation of his fancy was actually in print, and the young author felt as if he were treading on air.

He hastened to mail a copy of it to Joe Bridge, a second copy to Bob Smiley, whom he had already advised by letter to look for it, a third copy to a girl friend in Jinxville, and a fourth to his aunt.

Although there was no magic in Arthur's name as an author, the story caught on owing to its gripping interest, and the returns from the news companies dwindled down with respect to the numbers containing the opening instalments of the story.

Calls for extra copies came in, and all the reserve stock was sent out.

The head of the publishing house naturally took notice, for the reports from the news companies each week came under his eyes.

In this case the head of the house sent for the editor of "Young America."

This happened about the time that the issue containing the fifth instalment of Arthur's story was getting on the news-stands.

"I notice a falling off in the returns on 'Young America,'" he said. "Have you heard anything about it from the stock room?"

"No, sir, but we have received a number of letters from our readers praising our new writer's story. That is an indication that it appears to be giving satisfaction, but is no guide to a possible increase in our readers. We may infer, however, that we are temporarily selling a few more copies of the paper," said Mr. Hall.

After some further talk on the subject the editor returned to his den.

During that week all mail orders for the papers containing the first two instalments of Arthur's story were held up pending the receipt of the next week's returns of "Young America," which would have to be sorted over for the numbers in demand because there were no more copies in the stock room to send out.

Another call for the papers came from the news company, and the stock man not being able to meet it, had to report the matter to the head of the house.

It was finally decided to take a chance on reprinting one or two thousand copies from the plates.

The foreman of the press-room was called in.

He said his presses were all engaged, but by working the self-feeder on which the "Young America" was printed at stated times overtime that evening, he could get the current edition out of the way so that he could use the machine next forenoon for the purpose required.

He received instructions to do so.

The necessity for reprinting any issue containing the opening chapters of a story by any author on the "Young America" had not happened for more than a year, and the fact was naturally noted.

At any rate, Arthur received an order from the editor for another story, and he was asked to get it in as soon as he could.

He was not told, however, that his first story, then running, had produced any effect.

An old writer receiving an order couched in the same strain, would have had his suspicions of the truth, though it doesn't follow he would have been right.

"What kind of a story do you want?" Arthur asked Mr. Hall.

"Make it an adventure story. I'll give you one of our bound volumes to take home. You had better read up the stories of —," here he mentioned the name of the author that he considered the best in the business. "His stories in that line are the best we have printed. They always sell."

Five weeks later Arthur handed in his second story, after submitting the first instalment for the editor's inspection and being told to go ahead.

Long before that the fact had been definitely settled that Arthur's first story had caught the readers of "Young America."

Scores of letters praising the story, and other letters later asking when another story by the same writer would appear, had been received by the editor.

This was pretty good evidence that the next story would be looked for, when it was announced.

Arthur's second contribution came up to snuff, and the editor announced it in place of another which had been scheduled, and which consequently would have to take a back seat.

The publisher took a chance on a slightly larger edition, thereby placing the new writer in the class with the book authors, and the story sold up to the requirements.

Believing that it would, Arthur was told to write another.

This third one proved to be a hummer, and had to be reprinted to supply the demand.

So Arthur got his fourth order.

Summer had come around again, and he had been a year as the editor's assistant.

He had over \$400 in bank, with every prospect of adding steadily to it.

He got a two weeks' vacation, and he spent it on the Claypole farm.

The success Arthur had met with as a writer upset all of Caleb's preconceived ideas on the subject of authorship, and he took water and his hat off to his nephew at the same time.

While there he learned that his uncle Silas, under another name, was running a successful grain and feed store in Wellington, Canada, had got married, and might be said to have reformed all his old ways, but, of course, he was liable to arrest if he returned to the States and was recognized as an escaped convict.

The struggles of the young author for recognition being happily over, the field was open for him to continue fighting for fame.

Next week's issue will contain "STOCKS AND BONDS; OR, THE FIRM WITH A GRIP ON THE MARKET." A Wall Street Story.

SEND POSTAL FOR OUR FREE CATALOGUE.

CURRENT NEWS

According to a consular report, M. Gaston Bonnier has submitted to the National Agricultural Society of Paris samples of a new vegetable ivory made from the albumen of the fruit of a certain small palm, of the genus *Hyphæne*, growing in the forests of the French Sudan. The product is said to resemble strongly that of the ordinary ivory-nut (*Phytelephas macrocarpa*) of South America. The nut of the doom-palm (*Hyphæne thebaica*) has long been used for making rosaries and small ornaments.

Construction of the most powerful wireless station in the world was to begin last week at Honolulu. It is the mid-Pacific station of the Marconi system, and when finished is to send messages 6,000 miles and more to the next station, which will be built in the Philippine Islands. Three 500 horsepower electrical units will supply the power. The building of the new station is the first step by the Marconi system in its plan to cross the Pacific from California to the Philippines, to Hong Kong, to Bangalore, India; to Aden, to Cairo and to England. Communication is now regularly in service from the Marconi station near San Francisco with the Hawaiian Islands.

Harold F. McCormick's costly station at Cicero, Ill., maintained for testing methods of aeroplane construction, has been closed. Some of the equipment, which can be used for hydro-aeroplanes, is being shipped to the McCormick Lake Forest home. The rest is being sold, and it is believed that this ends the efforts made by Mr. McCormick for the last two years to produce an aerial machine that would be safer and more efficient than any model heretofore evolved. It is estimated that \$50,000 has been spent at the experiment station in the two years of its existence. On one design alone, the machine which has become known as the umbrella plane, \$25,000 was spent. This plane was constructed in the belief that its stability could be maintained automatically. Mr. McCormick is a son-in-law of John D. Rockefeller.

Frank Jost, a rancher, near Los Angeles, Cal., was troubled with squirrels in his orchard, as were several neighboring ranchers, and all petitioned the county supervisors to send them some squirrel poison with the official stamp affixed to guarantee its genuineness. A large quantity of the poison was received and the more the rodents ate the better they liked it, for there were no fatalities in the squirrel population. The other day, as Mr. Jost entered his barn, he was horrified to find a swarthy Mexican lunching out of the poison box. The man had eaten several handfuls before being discovered, and the rancher decided that the next move would be to call the undertaker. However, the Mexican showed no ill effects, but passed his plate for more. The ranchers have concluded that either the Mexican has a cast iron stomach or the poison is weak.

Perique, a unique sort of tobacco raised in this country, is limited in quantity, and the district producing it is confined to a small section of St. James Parish, on the east side of the Mississippi River, Louisiana. The total production is about 200,000 pounds a year. This tobacco is perfected by an involved method of sweating and curing, which was developed by the Arcadians of St. James Parish. When picked, the tobacco is stemmed and rolled into loose twists which are placed under pressure until the juices are forced out and the leaves become black and sticky. These juices in the "working" are reabsorbed, and during this process rum is blown into the mass. It is finally stored to cure, and at the end is of peculiar strength, with a characteristic aromatic odor. It is used in cigarettes, pipe mixtures and for chewing, and some manufacturers insert a few strands in cigars to give them fragrance.

In a statement issued the other day the Secretary of War upholds Colonel Clarence P. Townsley, superintendent of the Military Academy at West Point, in punishing eighteen cadets found guilty of hazing, and roundly criticises cadets for complaining about the punishment meted out to them. Secretary Garrison says that there was undoubtedly a violation of the regulations and that the punishment imposed was not too severe. In fact, there was some doubt if it was severe enough. No further action will be taken by Mr. Garrison unless the cadets themselves make action necessary by continuing to agitate the matter. If they do it is highly probable that courts martial will follow. "I am extremely regretful that these boys should have written winning letters to their parents or others," said Secretary Garrison. "The first element of manliness is to take your medicine like a man, particularly in a case where your own conduct has brought on the illness."

Prof. J. A. Ferguson, of the Pennsylvania State College, reports a curious phenomenon connected with the cutting of hardwood trees in the Ozark Mountains. Cavities near the base of the trees are often found to contain gas. When these cavities are cut into by the oak tie cutters of the region the gas escapes with a whistling sound, showing it to be under pressure, and if lighted it will burn with a faint yellow flame. The sides of the cavities containing gas are in all cases darkened and look as though seared with a hot iron. The popular belief of the district is that these trees are connected through their roots with a subterranean supply of natural gas, and the land on which they grow is valued accordingly. An examination of the gas collected from a cottonwood tree was made by Prof. Bushong, of the University of Kansas, and it was found to be substantially the same as natural gas with the addition of some free hydrogen. Prof. Ferguson believes, however, that this gas is the product of decomposition of the heartwood of the trees.

AN IRISH ROBINHOOD

OR,

THE HEROES OF THE BRIDGE

By GASTON GARNE

(A SERIAL STORY)

CHAPTER I (continued)

"Do not mind him," whispered that friend, "as he is not as rude as he appears."

"Yes, I am, and ten times worse, as you will soon find out," cried the strange man, who led the way through the wood. "Follow me, now, or the English hounds will catch you."

They were soon plunging into the very thick of the forest, the stranger leading the way, the lad following, and the young student bringing up the rear, while the English foes were left far behind.

When they reached a small opening on the bank of the Shannon, the rough guide drew up suddenly and addressed the student, saying:

"Young man, what is your name?"

"Charles De Courcey, friend."

"So far so good. What name does your brave companion bear?"

"He is my cousin, and he is known as Magnus Fitzgerald, sir."

"That won't do. You may ford the stream, De Courcey, but Magnus Fitzgerald will not reach Athlone this night."

"If Barney of the Bow is to the fore and he refuses to let the boy cross the stream," cried the outlaw, as he grasped the large bow slung over his back. "Change the first name, young man, and we will see what can be done."

"How would Una suit?" asked the student, in pleading tones.

"Right well. The lad will cross the ford with you. Out with you there, some of my merry men, and prepare supper."

The fierce-looking outlaw and his two companions were almost instantly surrounded by about twenty-five wild fellows, who hailed their chief with joyous shouts.

Barney of the Bow was a very stout man, of average stature, and with long arms reaching almost to his knees.

He was somewhat advanced in years, but his black eyes were bright and piercing, as they peeped out from the immense beard that almost covered his entire face.

The leader of the outlaws was dressed in a jacket and pantaloons made of the roughest homespun material, a sheep-skin cap covered his bushy head, while his arms consisted of the large bow, a lot of arrows stuck in a belt at his side, and a huge sword.

Take him all in all, Barney of the Bow, who was one of the most famous outlaws on the Shannon side, was as fierce a customer to look at as ever roamed at will in the

Black Forest of Germany or in the deep woods of England. The followers of the outlaw were all in keeping with their leader, as far as appearance went, while some of them bore old guns or pistols instead of the ancient bow.

One of the first to appear at the leader's call was a huge fellow who stood a full head and shoulders above any of the others.

The giant was known in the band as Fingal, and he was second in command.

At the order of the leader several of the outlaws set about preparing an evening meal, while the two travelers dismounted and seated themselves on the banks of the stream.

Barney of the Bow kept aloof from his guests while the meal was in preparation, but when it was all ready he advanced toward them and called out, in gruff tones:

"Friends from Dunleary, come and eat before the journey."

"Can I sup with you?" cried a deep, musical voice, as a horseman rode in among them from the wood.

The leader of the outlaws drew his bow on the instant, and aimed at the stranger, crying:

"Stand and give the word, or I'll send a shaft into your brain."

"The Bridge of Athlone," responded the stranger, springing from his horse.

CHAPTER II.

THE OUTLAW SPEAKS HIS MIND.

When the young lad heard the stranger's voice he covered his face with his hands and turned to his friend, saying:

"In mercy get me away from here, as that is the very man I fear."

"Don't fear, as he will not know you, I am sure. Keep seated and listen. It is growing dark and you will be safe. We cannot get away now."

The pair did listen, the lad keeping his face shaded, while the student watched the stranger with eager eyes.

That stranger was a tall man of noble bearing, who was fully arrayed in the gay warlike costume worn by the warriors of the time, which consisted of breast-plate and helmet, in addition to the gaudy uniform.

On springing from his horse, the stranger advanced to the leader of the outlaws in a fearless manner, saying:

"Am I addressing the man who is known as Barney of the Bow?"

"You are, sir. May I ask who you are?"

"I am a messenger from General St. Ruth, and I am known as Captain Jason."

"What is the general's pleasure with me?"

"He expects all brave men and true to defend the Bridge of Athlone."

"We will do our duty in that regard. Is that all he expects?"

"He expects that you will stop all travelers coming from the East and bring them to him in Athlone."

On hearing this order the outlaw turned his eyes to where the travelers had been seated, and he noticed that they had disappeared, while he replied:

"How can the general expect us to defend the bridge and watch for travelers as well?"

"The bridge will not be assailed until to-morrow or next day. General St. Ruth expects two travelers from Dublin to-night, and you must secure them for him."

"What are they like?"

"One is a tall young soldier and the other is a fair young girl. The general has information that they will attempt to cross the river for Aughrim to-night."

"Are they enemies of the cause?"

"It is enough for you to know that General St. Ruth desires to see them in his custody in Athlone."

"I never had the pleasure of meeting the noble St. Ruth, but he is well aware that I am pledged to fight with him against our English enemies only."

"Then I am to understand that you refuse to serve him as he commands?"

"You are, if he commands me to seize true friends of Ireland."

"Beware, Sir Outlaw, how you brave the vengeance of St. Ruth."

The outlaw burst out into a scornful laugh, and then cried:

"If I were face to face with the general himself, I would speak my mind more freely, but you can tell him from me that I am not his slave. I will fight to the death against the English invaders; yet I will never raise my hand, in his behalf, against a true son or daughter of Erin. Do you understand?"

"It is plain enough, indeed. Were I to tell you that the persons in question are fugitives from justice, what then?"

"I would protect them to the death until I were fully assured of their crimes. All fugitives from justice are not criminals. Who are the persons you allude to, and what crimes are they accused of, Captain Jason?"

"The young man is known as Charles De Courcey, a sergeant in Sarsfield's regiment of horse."

"Then he served under the best and the bravest leader in Ireland to-day. What crime is he accused of?"

"He is accused of robbing a noble Frenchman now residing in Dublin, and of stealing his young daughter at the same time."

"Who is his accuser?" demanded the outlaw, in doubting tones.

"I am, in behalf of St. Ruth, and my good sword will back the accusation."

"I declare that the charge is false," cried the young student, stepping out from behind a tree, "and my good sword is ready to repel it on the instant."

The messenger from St. Ruth stared at the intruder in a haughty manner, as he demanded, in pompous tones:

"Who is the clown that dares to brave me in this manner?"

"He is a gallant Irishman who knows how to wield his sword against the English, as I will bear witness to," answered Barney of the Bow, with a grim smile.

"My name is De Courcey, and I serve under the gallant Sarsfield. He who declares me a thief is a base liar."

The strange officer drew back a step or two, and, putting a small bugle to his mouth, he blew a shrill blast.

Then, drawing his sword, he cried:

"You are my prisoner, traitor. Where is the lady you stole?"

Before the accused could answer a heavy tramping was heard, and in from the wood dashed a troop of over fifty horsemen.

Barney of the Bow seized young De Courcey by the shoulder and drew him back, as he called aloud:

"To arms—to arms, men of the Shannon side! Advance one step, Captain Jason, and I will send an arrow into your brain."

"Mad outlaw," cried the other, springing on his horse, "I am St. Ruth. Deliver the prisoner, or your doom is sealed."

"Not while I have a hand to defend him, were you King James himself—the fiend fly away with the coward! Draw on them, my gallant men, and defend this youth to the utmost of your power."

"That we will, brave leader," cried the huge Fingal, waving a large battle-ax over his head. "Hurrah for Barney of the Bow and his brave lads of the Shannon side! St. Ruth, beware how you raise the wrath of—"

"Stand back, Fingal, and mind your own place!" cried Barney, flinging the giant aside with great force. "St. Ruth—if you are St. Ruth—I am lord of this wood, and you are not my master. It ill becomes you to interfere in private broils while the English attack Athlone."

"Silence, robber, and deliver up the prisoner or I will scatter you and your band to the winds of the night."

Barney of the Bow glanced at the horsemen, as if to measure their numbers, and then at the outlaws, who were ranged behind him, ere he replied, in defiant tones:

"Advance but one step, St. Ruth, and you will not live to defend Athlone. If this young man is guilty of the crime he is charged with—and I will not believe the same of his father's son—let him be tried by the lawful judges of the land."

"Then deliver him up for trial, and stop this farce, Sir Outlaw. Where is the young lady who fled with him? Search the woods around here, soldiers, and advance to seize the prisoner!"

Then St. Ruth set spurs to his horse, when Barney let fly an arrow, and the animal fell, pierced in the eye.

(To be continued)

FACTS WORTH READING

GERMANY'S NEW GIBRALTAR.

Germany has made some wonderful changes since 1911 in Heligoland. Two years ago the island was pretty thoroughly exploited in the French and English press on account of the fear that the Morocco incident might lead to war between England and Germany. It was then a fishing island which was being gradually transformed into a naval base, particularly for submarines and torpedo boats. Now it is a veritable Gibraltar, with a home for all small war craft, including dirigibles and waterplanes.

This German Gibraltar protects the mouths of four rivers, including the Elbe and the Weser. A protecting sea wall has been built half round the island, and from the high Oberland, the biggest and best Krupp guns, on disappearing platforms, command all approaches from the sea. A tunnel pierces the island from west to north, through which ammunition and other material may be safely taken. Huge searchlights discover every distant vessel at night, and there is a wireless station.

To the south of the lower part of the island a new island has arisen from the waters. It is half as big as Heligoland itself and has been built of material brought from Germany. This new island provides shelter for torpedo boats, destroyers, submarines, and cruisers. Early in the month there were 41 torpedo boats and 12 submarines. On this island are also magazines and sheds for airships of all sorts.

Two years ago the garrison was 100 strong, now its men number 1,500. Germany has never had cause to regret the exchange of Zanzibar for Heligoland with Great Britain in 1890.

MILITARY AVIATION IN ITALY.

We learn that the Italian government has ordered 70 aeroplanes with a view of giving capital importance to this question. It is stated that all of these will be constructed in Italy, the greater part at branch works of the Nieuport, Bleriot, Farman and Bristol firms. A good number of the above machines are already in construction. The military commission received 14 aeroplanes not long since, and the coming army concourse is to furnish about 10 more. Counting all the above, the aeroplane fleet in Italy will soon be increased by 120 units, and at the same time the government is taking steps to secure all the power wagon and other material for making up the army aeroplane sections, each of which is to have 6 aeroplanes. No doubt the aeroplane sections or camps will be organized after the plan which proved so successful in France, that is each of the 6 aeroplanes has one power wagon to carry the material, stores and spare parts, and this tows a trailer van containing the aeroplane. Headed by the officers' car, this makes a traveling camp which is set up in the open air or travels over the road, accompanied also by special repair shop cars. Turin has been chosen as the leading aviation center, both for practical and scientific work, but the army also has large aerodromes at Mira-

fiori, Venaria Reale and St. Maurice. The Royal Industrial Museum has just organized a number of aviation laboratories which will be used for testing of motors, aerodynamic work and the like, and all the officers of the aeronautic corps will take part in these operations. Aeroplanes for the army are purchased out of the credit voted by Parliament or with the sums raised by national subscription, and the Aero Club of Italy has charge of some of these latter expenditures. On the whole it will be seen that aeroplane matters are very active in that country.

MOTOR CHAIR BUILT BY A SCHOOL BOY.

An automobile invalid's chair, built by a 16-year-old high school boy from discarded dishpans, brass fenders, window sash chains, gas pipe, part of an old bedstead and various other wornout articles, has been attracting the attention of passersby in Pittsburgh of late.

The miniature car was built by Charles Grunder in an amateur machine shop located in his mother's kitchen. A broken-down invalid's chair, a smashed motorcycle and household junk from the attic, were the materials from which he built the chair for his crippled father.

To start with, the boy repaired the framework of the hand-driven chair. A heavier axle was turned upon his lathe. The rear wheels of the hand-driven chair were too light to carry the heavy machinery of the proposed new chair, while the wheels of the smashed motorcycle were too large to fit into the frame of the old chair. This difficulty held up the work for several days. At last the boy rebuilt the motorcycle wheels, cutting them from 30 to 28 inches. Pneumatic motorcycle tires, the only new things about the whole chair, were then purchased. A gasoline tank was made from a discarded dishpan, and incased in a box made from the thin cherry paneling of the headboard of an old bed. Stop cocks from an old gas stove were used to regulate the flow of gasoline. A belt drive being found inadequate, the boy substituted a chain drive. A band brake on the left side of the motor chair, made from the iron hoop of an old washtub, works on a drum cut from a casting. The same lever that throws out the clutch applies the brake. The tire of the front wheel is wrapped with a brass window chain to prevent skidding, the rear wheels being equipped with anti-skid tires. A dog chain was at first used on the front wheel, but it was unsatisfactory. The lever controlling the supply of gas feeding into the carbureter is made from an old file. The cut-off valve is made from a one-half gas pipe "T," a brass curtain rod and a clock spring. The steering lever is made from a length of gas pipe and the end of a mop handle. The $2\frac{3}{4}$ horse-power motor is air-cooled, the fan being made from an old brass fender, and the blower-case from a tin can which at one time held a gallon of apple butter. The blower-case is covered with abestos to deaden the sound. The boy constructed the entire oiling system from brass tubing and a little solder. A tiny bicycle lamp to comply with the city ordinance completes the outfit.

YOUNG TOM BROWN

OR,

THE BOY WHO KNEW HIS BUSINESS

By ED. KING

(A SERIAL STORY.)

CHAPTER VIII (continued)

"Not much I don't," replied Tom. "I've got five sets of plans in the house now to figure on, and I mean to get every one of those five jobs if I can. I know my business, Mr. Roebuck. I expect to have two hundred men at work inside of two weeks."

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLE IN THE WIND.

Now do not let it for a moment be supposed that Young Tom Brown was affected with that distressing disease known as the "big head."

Nothing of that sort.

Tom knew his business.

If Chicago architects would draw plans for buildings in Dimsdale, Tom was resolved that he would figure on said plans just as often as he was invited, and take every job that came along, until his judgment told him the limit had been reached.

At the end of the time specified, Tom's prediction was fulfilled.

The payroll of Brown & Son numbered more than two hundred and fifty men, and thanks to the wise instruction of Brown senior, Jim Roebuck's faithfulness and Young Tom Brown's energy, everything was going along with wonderful smoothness.

Tom now had twelve contracts on his hands—Dr. Merwin's house, the Jones Block, two small factories, six stores on Main street, and two dwelling houses belonging to one of the paper mill directors.

As for the mill itself, Mr. Plautz was just finishing up the first plans, and expected to be ready to receive estimates in a few days.

Meanwhile Mr. Boggs had been as good as his word.

The charge against Tom had been withdrawn, and Boggs published a card in the "Gazette," stating that having been absolutely convinced of Tom's innocence, he deeply regretted having made it at all.

To all this Tom paid very little attention, however. He was too busy, but naturally he often thought of the mystery of the swamp, which had not been explained in any way, nor indeed had Tom seen Kate Merwin since his wheel was returned to him, except to pass her on the street, on which occasions Kate merely smiled and bowed.

As for Banker Boggs, in spite of the card, Tom declined

to recognize the man in the street, and never even looked at him when chance brought them together.

"Look out for Jim Boggs, he's a treacherous fellow," Brown senior said, and Tom was looking out. He felt that he had not seen the last of the banker, and he was patiently waiting for his next move.

"To-morrow we figure on the paper mill, father," exclaimed Tom, coming in to supper one night. "If we get that contract, I really think we had better stop, for I don't see how I am going to be able to attend to anything more."

"I'm decidedly of the same opinion," replied Mr. Brown. "You have gone as far as you possibly can with safety. The mill contract alone will keep us at work for months."

"Do you think we will get it, father?" asked Tom, sitting down at the table, having pushed his father up in his wheel-chair.

"I think we shall. Dr. Merwin as good as promised it to me, and he is the principal owner. You see, Tom, a paper mill is not like a house or a store, it has to be constructed on peculiar principles. Now I built the old mill, and consequently know just what is wanted, and—goodness, some one after you again? Well, my boy, it is a fact that they don't give you much rest."

The bell rang furiously, and when Tom went to the door, there stood a large man, flashily dressed, with a great diamond stud in his shirt front, and a cigar in his mouth.

"Say, are you Tom Brown, the contractor?" he asked, with a leer of impudent familiarity, "becaze if you are I want a word wid yez."

"My name is Brown," replied Tom, "but I don't know yours. What do you want?"

"My name is Mike Halloran," replied the man. "I'm walking dilegeate of the bricklayers' union. We have ordered a strike against Garmon & Sons on the new railroad depot here, becaze dey won't make an eight-hour-day at ten hours' pay on the new scale. You're min will have to go out, too."

"My men!" cried Tom. "What have you got to do with my men, I'd like to know? They don't belong to your union at all."

"Indade they do," replied Mr. Halloran, with a sneer. "I've been working. They've all joined but tin, and thim we'll lay out cowl'd if they try to work ag'in' us."

"But I'm paying twelve hours' wages for ten hours' work," replied Tom; "full union scale."

"Kean't do it, bye," sneered the walking delegate, scornfully. "We allow no man to work more than eight hours under the new rule."

"What! We'll see about that!" cried Tom. "Get out!"

"Pwhat! You young snip! You order me out! Git out yersilf! Sure it's your father I'll dale wid, and not a bye like you."

Now, even under all this impudence, Tom might have been able to keep his patience if Mr. Mike Halloran had not tried to push him to one side, and force his way into the house.

This was a shade more than Tom could stand.

Thoroughly angry by this time, he caught the walking delegate by the throat and with one push tumbled him backward down the steps.

Mike Halloran scrambled to his feet full of bluster and fighting talk.

"I'll fix you!" he cried, shaking his fist at Young Tom Brown. "I'll put you out of business! Every man in yer implye will be found missing ter-morrer morning. I'll tie up your work for six months."

"Get out! Get out, or I'll set the dogs on you!" cried Tom.

This threat sent Mr. Walking Delegate down the gravel walk, and out of the gate in a hurry, although the truth was the only dog on the premises was the half-blind setter, Nero, too old and too gentle to hurt a fly.

"It's a bad business, Tom," said Mr. Brown, uneasily, when Tom came in all worked up with excitement. "I'm afraid there is going to be trouble. There is such a thing as having too much energy, my boy. You ought to have spoken to the fellow fair; but it's too late now. We shall be all tied up if our men strike, and the dear knows where it will end."

"I don't care!" flashed Tom. "I'm paying the highest wages. My men were well satisfied. What business had that fellow to interfere?"

"He's made it his business, and will do his best to carry out his threats," sighed the invalid; adding then, as the bell rang loudly, "there he is back again! Oh, Tom, do be cool!"

Tom rushed to the door, prepared for business.

"I'll pitch him out into the middle of the street this time," he muttered, throwing the door open.

To his surprise, instead of Mr. Mike Holloran, he saw Kate Merwin standing on the doorstep, looking pale and disturbed.

"Oh, Tom!" she said. "I'm so glad I caught you in. I want to—I want——"

Suddenly Kate reeled and would have fallen if Tom had not jumped forward and caught her in his arms.

CHAPTER X.

AT THE RED BRIDGE.

Young Tom Brown found himself in an extremely embarrassing situation as he stood there on the doorstep with Kate Merwin lying in his arms in a dead faint.

In the room at the end of the hall were his father and sister.

If Ella should come out and catch him so, what explanation could he possibly make without exposing something of Kate's troubles?

Tom had not the least doubt that it was about her troubles that the doctor's daughter had come to consult him now.

"Tom! Tom! What's the matter? Who is it?" called Mr. Brown from the tea table, alarmed at the silence at the door.

This brought Tom to his senses.

He either had to dispose of Kate or have Ella come out and find her there.

Tom knew his business, and with his usual shrewdness he got around the situation in the best possible way.

Gently laying Kate down he closed the door, and without quickening his steps, walked quietly into the room.

"I'm sent for by the Merwins, father," he said. "I shall have to go. Ella, you see that father gets everything he wants. I don't know just when I shall be back, but it may be some little time."

Thus saying, Tom put on his hat and quietly left the house.

"Do be careful, Tom!" Mr. Brown called after him. "If you meet that man or any of the strikers, speak them fair! Speak them fair!"

"I certainly will, father, and don't you worry!" Tom called back, and then he went out and closed the door.

Kate had recovered and was standing on the step leaning against one of the piazza posts, looking the very picture of distress.

"Oh, Tom! I'm afraid I've got you into trouble by coming here this way," she whispered. "Did I faint?"

"That's what you did, Kate. Are you all right now?" replied Tom gently.

"Oh, yes; I suppose so. I feel very strangely though. Did—did you tell Ella or your father that I was here?"

"Never mentioned it to a soul. They don't either of them know you are here, and if you don't want them to know it we had better get right out of the gate."

They hurried out together and walked side by side under the broad spreading branches of the big elms.

"You are in trouble, Kate. Tell me what I can do for you," said Tom. "You know very well if there is anything in the world all you have to do is to ask."

"I know it, Tom, and that is why I am here," replied Kate earnestly. "I—you—that is I was about to say—oh, Tom, I don't know what to say nor how to say it. Will you go down into the swamp with me to-night?"

It was a strange request, but as Tom felt then, there was no request that Kate Merwin could make to him to which he would have said no.

So he just said: "Yes; certainly I will," and nothing more, and that proved to be the very best thing he could have said to quiet Kate's agitation. After a moment, she began again:

"You think it all very strange of course, Tom, but I cannot offer any explanation of what must seem to you a great mystery, and if you have any regard for me at all, and I believe you have, or I should not have come to you to-night, you will not ask for any. The case is just this: At midnight my father will be at the ruins of the old Conklin place. It is not safe for him to be there. I am terribly frightened about it, and yet he will not allow me to go with him, and I don't dare to let him go alone."

(To be continued)

FROM ALL POINTS

The total number of passengers carried last year by the Interborough Rapid Transit Company on the New York Subway and Elevated roads was 634,316,516, an increase over the previous year of over 27,000,000. The greater part of this increase was on the Subway, and it was due, principally, to the ten-car express service. The gross revenue for the year ending June 30th last was some thirty-two and one-half million dollars, an increase over the previous year of over one and one-quarter million dollars.

The authorities of the Dutch East Indies are continually fighting the danger of the plague, which threatens the communities especially in the harbor towns, where rats from the incoming vessel spread the disease germs. Dr. Jijl, Government physician for the harbor of Soerabaja, has now found that a mixture of petroleum and soap, applied freely to the localities where the rats swarm, will effectively destroy their fleas and with them the plague bacilli. This new disinfectant is cheaper and more efficacious than carbolic acid.

When compared with the strength of man, the strength of an insect is most remarkable indeed. For instance, the busy little ant can carry a load forty or fifty times as heavy as himself, and the ordinary beetle can propel a burden a hundred times its own weight. The insignificant house-fly gives a hundred strokes of his wings in about two seconds, thus enabling him to go a distance of thirty-five feet in that time. Perhaps the most wonderful of all insects is the dragon-fly. It goes through the air at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and can stop instantly, or change its course backward or sideways without lessening its speed or changing the position of its body. One little honey-bee will hang suspended from a limb, while from his body a hundred others will depend—one holding to another, chain-fashion; and one cannot see that the first bee wavers or finds his load heavy.

Col. George Mitchell, Chancellor of the Salvation Army's International Exchequer at London, and also international bandmaster, is in New York going over the financial situation with Col. Reinhardsen, the local treasurer. The colonel is incidentally making preparations for Gen. Branwell Booth's visit to this country, which is scheduled for November. Col. Mitchell said the total revenue of the Salvation Army was now about \$30,000,000 a year. He said the movement was growing financially far more rapidly in the United States and Canada than in Great Britain. "This revenue may not be regarded as colossal, but it more than equals what sufficed for the needs of the United States Government before the Mexican war, and our disbursements are greater than the total annual disbursements of the British Government during the reign of the first George." The visitor said it is planned to have five army brass bands visit London next

May, when the International Congress meets. Two of these will go from New York, one will be the woman's band, connected with the Flying Squadron, and the other will be the headquarters staff band, of which Col. Jenkins is leader. Chicago will send one band, and Flint, Mich., will contribute another.

FROM EVERYWHERE.

Fresh mushrooms are quoted at ten cents a quart in northern New Jersey. This, however, has no effect upon the Broadway price.

When Robert Lantz and his family arrived near Sparta, N. J., where they expected to live, they found only the chimney. The house had burned in the night.

Persons fumigating the steamship Creole, of the Morgan line, failed to remember Thomas Mooney, a sailor, was in his bunk asleep. They found him later unconscious. He was revived at a hospital.

Joseph O'Donnell, a Bronx clerk, gave as his cause of bankruptcy the desire to gratify the tastes of his wife, who was ill. Clothing and cheap jewelry ran him in debt.

John S. Woodruff, of Milburn, N. J., found strawberries ripe in his garden. A rose bush is also in bloom for the second time.

Convicted of shortweighting his coal sales, Kraus Mor, of South Orange, had his vote challenged at the primaries.

Oswald Freitchie, locked up in Peekskill, tried to hang himself by his suspenders. His weight, 270 pounds, broke the galluses and he was fined \$5.

Mrs. Katherine Morrissey, of Yonkers, mistook the Third Police Precinct Station house. Placing a tin bucket on the lieutenant's desk she asked for a good pint because there was company at home.

Judge Norton, of Freeport, L. I., held court in open air while the room was reconstructed.

Mrs. Amelia C. Fisher, Sunbury, Pa., one hundred, at family reunion scolded son, sixty-eight, for smoking.

George Powles, of Patchogue, and his brother, Alfred, of Schenectady, have met after forty years.

Priest in New Haven made executor of parishioner's estate discovered it consisted of one saloon and an interest in another.

"Will be back in five minutes," Wah Lee, a laundryman, wrote on a sign in the window of his shop, at Port Jefferson, two months ago. His customers fear his watch has stopped.

Since fresh laid eggs are "lined with gold" and worth 60 cents a dozen, farmers have taken extra precautions to protect their hens.

John A. Johnson, a venerable Philadelphia Civil War veteran, on his seventy-eighth birthday, cut two teeth, and after fifty-two years' use has stopped chewing tobacco.

A Morristown carpenter believes he has established a record by constructing a stable 148 feet long, 14 feet wide and one story high in twenty-four hours.

Fame and Fortune Weekly

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 24, 1913.

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BRIEF BUT POINTED ITEMS

Secret trials are to be conducted at the Chalons camp shortly of a new type of aeroplane, which will be armored and provided with a powerful gun. "Le Journal" says that the aeroplane is intended to be used as a Zeppelin chaser. The gun will be mounted on a light revolving cupola and will be operated with the pilot's foot.

In wrecking the mansion at Clinton, Ill., erected forty years ago by Colonel Thomas Snell, a coffin containing the skeleton of a small child was found skilfully concealed in the walls of the structure. An inquest was held, but no clue to the mystery was found. The homestead has been untenanted since the death of Colonel Snell, whose will, disposing of a large fortune, was the subject of long and sensational litigation a few years ago.

The high cost of dying is to be lowered in Chicago with the advent of motorbuses, each large enough to contain the coffin and a funeral party of ordinary size. The funeral bus will have a compartment to the right of the chauffeur's seat for the coffin and above it a place for flowers. Near the driver will sit the minister and the undertaker, and there will be accommodations for twenty-seven mourners. One of the principal items in the cost of funerals is transportation. The funeral bus, it is said, will reduce the cost by \$30. Ten of the buses are to be in operation soon.

The Ottoman government intends awarding to private enterprise the contract for the construction in Turkey of villages for Macedonian refugees. Each village will include a mosque and a school in addition to a certain number of houses. For the present it is expected that 40,000 houses will be built, each of which, equipped with an outfit of agricultural implements, will cost about \$440. The houses, built of stone, rough bricks or wood, according to the locality, will each contain two rooms and a stable and will be provided with a modern plough and accessories and a pair of draught cattle.

Eighty-one Chinese students have registered at Columbia University, New York, this year for the fall term. In 1906 there were only five Chinese students at Columbia, while Yale, Harvard and Cornell had from twenty-five to

forty each. In seven years, however, Columbia has left the other universities behind. Of the eighty-one Chinese now matriculated in Columbia eight are young women. Four are in Barnard and three in Teachers' College. The other is little Miss Y. J. Huang, daughter of General Huang-Hsing, hero of the Chinese revolution of 1911 and lately leader of the Southern rebellion. Miss Huang is here with her brother, I. N. Huang, and his wife. Miss Huang will enter the Horace Mann School, and her brother will study at Columbia College. Asked of the whereabouts of their father, on whose head it was said President Yuan Shih-Kai had placed a price of 40,000 taels, Mr. Huang said he did not know, that he was not interested in politics and that he was sent here by his father to learn civil engineering. More than half of the eighty-one are government students, with a dozen supported by the educational fund created from the \$14,000,000 boxer indemnity remitted by the United States government.

JOKES AND JESTS.

"Johnny," said the teacher to a small pupil, "where is the north pole?" "At the top of the map," promptly answered the youthful student.

Stranger—What sort of a man is your neighbor John Braggs? Native—Oh, he's all right, but he has a telescopic imagination. Stranger—How's that? Native—Yes, he can't even tell the truth without getting it at least two sizes larger than it is.

"It is vulgar to dress so as to attract attention on the street." "Isn't it!" "I saw Miss Knobby going down the street yesterday in a gown which caused every man she passed to turn and look at her." "Sure enough! I wonder who is her dressmaker?" "I asked her, but she wouldn't tell me."

"My boy," said the kind old gentleman, "don't you know that if you smoke cigarettes you will never grow up to be president?" "Maybe not, mister," responded Tommy Tuff, as he blew out another ring, "but I can grow up to be de villain in de big melodrama, and he gets fifty bones a week for chasing de heroine over de canvas mountains."

"Wish to leave, Parkins? Why, you only came yesterday." "Yes, marm. In engaging I thought you was a sparragrass and champagne gentry. But when I 'ears from the cook last night that you eat pertaters, cabbages, carrots, and such like second-hand vegetables, and drinks beer, I sees there ain't nothing aesthetic in it, and I resigns my office, so to speak."

Two stylishly dressed ladies one Sunday morning were returning home from a church where the rector of a neighboring parish had preached. One lady proceeded to criticise the sermon, remarking that she considered it deplorably weak. But at this point her little boy, who happened to see his mother's contribution to the collection, chimed in with: "But you can't expect much for a penny, mother."

THE LONE HUT.

By Kit Clyde.

I dare say most people will remember the time when a number of false notes were in circulation, both in London and most of the chief cities of the United Kingdom. Who put them into circulation no one could tell. Now one would be passed by a heavy swell—another by a respectable old man, having much of a clerical look about him—and then again another by a lady. “Evidently a lady,” the victimized tradespeople would declare, “for she came up in a carriage and pair, with a coachman and a footman all complete.”

How could Messrs. Tassel & Blume suspect a lady who did her shopping in that manner—although they did think it strange she did not have the goods sent home, but carried them with her? The goods came to over forty pounds. A fifty-pound note produced—tested in the proper way by the tradesman in his counting-house out of sight of the lady so that she should not be offended. It answered every test.

Being wetted, the water-marks showed up darkly, which proved that the paper was of the right kind. Then the engraving was so perfect—everything exact. No, not everything. I was the first to notice that. It was that the figure of Britannia, in the corner, had a head too big, and there were one or two other discrepancies in the engraving from the real note but so slight that it wanted a sharp eye to notice them. I consulted my partner, a clever young fellow named Snaresdale.

He listened for some time to my story, and I could see that he was not quite too well pleased with the idea until I put some further points before him, when he said:

“Take it, Gervail.”

Leaving my partner, I went to the nearest groggery and got a glass of grog and a cigar.

I had almost fallen asleep over my cigar and grog, when I heard someone speaking in the bar.

Instantly I crept to the window in the door of the smoking-room, and drawing the curtain a little on one side, peeped in.

A handsome fellow of about thirty was busily engaged examining a railway guide. He had evidently found the train he wanted, for he glanced quickly up at the clock, and, finding that he had no time to spare, drank his grog and hurried off leaving the railway guide open on the counter.

In a minute I was out of my room, had seized the guide and examined the page carefully; for I had seen him run his thumb-nail down the line and I had no doubt but that he would leave a long scratch with it. He had done so, and I found that the station he wanted was Swaningdale. I hurried off to the station at once, and arrived just in time to miss the train, but there was another that went an hour later.

“All right,” I thought as I jumped into a hansom cab and drove home. “I am on the track now. If that fellow was not the so-called Captain O’Meara my name is not Gervail. I felt certain that he had something to do in this matter—and I am right.”

Swaningdale looked rather gloomy when I arrived; for

what had been fog in London had been rain down there. But the weather was warm, and the Golden Sheaf one of the most comfortable inns I have ever stopped at. When I rose in the morning the sun was shining brightly. The birds sang cheerily, the air was fresh and beautiful and the sweet scent of Swaningdale Woods filled the air with odors.

Of course, the first thing I had to do was to make friends with the landlord, and so learn all that I could about the people; and the news I heard was of the most meager kind, Boniface not being a communicative host.

No, there was not much company in the county. Swaningdale belonged to Sir George Martingale, but he never lived there; he was always out of the country. A rich gentleman from abroad had taken the old place, and he kept it “proper.” What was his name? Captain Kelly.

And this was all I could hear from my host; not much, beyond that the name of Captain Kelly reminded me of Captain James O’Kelly, alias O’Meara.

It was a beautiful morning that after which I arrived at Swaningdale, and I took a stroll over the country, and lovely I found it.

I was passing through a woodland scene of great beauty when I heard the sound of voices, and listened.

“Miss Rose Elmsley” said a man, in deep, rich tones, “I pray you to listen to me. I have already told you how deeply—how passionately—I love you. I did so in a moment when my passion overcame my better feelings. I know I am unworthy of you, and therefore press my suit no further; but if I cannot be your husband, at least let me be your friend. Beware of this Captain James O’Kelly.”

“You do well to speak thus of your host.”

“Host! I think I have paid enough for the hospitality I have received at Swaningdale. Well, I have warned you—I can do no more. But should trouble come—and come it will, I am convinced—do not forget that you have a friend in Cecil Fortescue. Good-morning, Miss Elmsley.”

From the place where I was standing I could just get a glimpse of the speaker. The man was a fine, soldier-like looking fellow.

“Believe me, Mr. Fortescue, I am thankful for your kind wishes for my happiness, and greatly honored by you thinking me worthy of your love, but I have already told you that I am engaged to Captain O’Kelly and——”

“Well, well—say no more about it. Only remember, if trouble comes you have a friend in me. May heaven defend you.”

They parted, the lad seemingly greatly moved.

I was about turning from this place when a peculiar noise attracted my attention. I paused and listened in wonder. What could it be? That was the clink of some machinery. I crept down through the tangled underwood, and at last, much to my surprise, found a path which led to what had the appearance of being a blacksmith’s hut—a miserable, dirty place, to all appearance deserted, for the windows were boarded up and a padlock was on the door.

I heard footsteps coming rapidly behind me, and, turning round, beheld a handsome, dashing fellow hurrying along. He had only a mustache—beard and whiskers had gone—but I at once knew my old friend Captain O’Kelly.

I evaded him, as I did not wish to be recognized, and strolled in another direction back to the hotel, fully convinced that I was on the right track.

I had finished luncheon, had somewhat altered my attire, and was smoking a cigar at the door of the hotel, wondering what I should do next, when O'Kelly, dressed in riding costume, dashed up on horseback, and, dismounting, threw the reins to an hostler, with the direction that he should walk the mare up and down to prevent it getting a chill.

Strolling up to him, I engaged him in conversation; and after a while we had a drink together and became great friends—so great that I was invited to stay at Swaningdale instead of the hotel—an invitation I at once accepted.

"Come early," he said, as we shook hands. "Here comes the lady for whom I have been waiting. Good-day."

"I could not come earlier, James dear," she said, all in a flutter.

"Hush, hush! That will do, Rose," he said; and having introduced me, he hurried the lady away to her horse.

As he was assisting her to mount, she turned her head around and perceived a lady watching her. The crimson color flew into her cheeks. Quickly recovering herself, she vaulted lightly on her horse and rode away, followed by the captain, who mounted his horse more leisurely.

I then turned my attention to the lady.

"You are ill, madam," I said. "Permit me to assist you into the hotel. A short rest and some stimulant——"

"Thank you, sir, you are very kind. But I am better now. You know the lady and gentleman who have just ridden away?"

"Only slightly; but as I am going to make a short visit to Swaningdale, we shall become better acquainted."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune," she said, somewhat bitterly. "But, take my advice—do not play cards."

We shook hands, and the next moment she was gone.

Everything at Swaningdale was on the most extensive plan.

"Come, Mr. Lawrence," said our host, after we had drank our wine and returned to the ladies. "Do you play cards?"

"A little but I fear I am a poor hand at them."

"Well, I will teach you."

Cards were produced, and I played just long enough to lose more than I liked, and then I rose from the table.

I strolled through the rooms until I met Miss Grace Fanshaw, to whom I had been formally introduced, and she at once walked with me. Her conversation was brilliant and witty, but when we were crossing an ante-room some distance from the rest of the company, her manner changed. Turning to me she demanded, sharply:

"What made you play cards?"

"To be like the rest."

"Like the rest! They are all rooks and pigeons—sharps and flats. Who are you?"

"George Lawrence——" I began, when she stopped me.

"Yes, yes—I know that story. You need not tell me unless you like. I think I can guess. Take care. These men are for the most part desperate, and sooner than their frauds should be found out, would commit murder."

She had scarcely left me when a footman hurried up and gave me a note, at the same time intimating that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer. The note ran thus:

"Come at once. Your clew was right. Danger."

I knew the place where that note came from, and bidding the servant tell his master that I had been called away on important business—but not unless he inquired for me—and that I should be back soon, I hurried away, and having donned my greatcoat, left the Hall in the company of a man dressed like a coachman, but whom I knew to be a policeman.

Down we went through the woods until we came to the hollow wherein stood the lone hut, and there we were joined by some twenty constables, some of whom were dressed in plain clothes. A few hurried words and the inspector of the county police placed his men round the hut, while I and two men advanced to the building from which came the same strange, rumbling noise. We listened at the door, and then at a signal from me, my companion and myself rushed against the door.

A crash, and we stumbled into the hut. A muttered cry, and the light was dashed out, and the next moment someone sprang at my throat. I knocked him down, and called for lights, which were soon brought, and to my delight I discovered as pretty a copperplate press and a lithograph press, together with engraved plates of bank-notes, as ever I saw in my life.

Two men were found hard at work at the presses, and no sooner were the "wristbands" on them than they confessed all—even to admitting that most of the men at the Hall were in the scheme, and Captain O'Meara, or Kelly, the soul of the plot.

The capture having been made, I instructed the police how to act, and then returned to the Hall, removed all signs of my having been out, and was proceeding to the drawing-room, when I heard the voices of women in angry conversation:

"Grace, Grace!" cried a female voice. "I know you have some dreadful plot at work against the captain."

"If I have, I have reasons for it. He is fair to look at, but his soul is foul with sin. He has ruined me, and I will not spare him."

The door of the apartment in which these ladies were speaking was a little way open. I looked in and beheld Miss Fanshaw, cold and haughty, and Rose Elmsley standing before her in an imploring attitude.

I saw the case pretty clearly now, and passed on to the drawing-room, entered it and having closed the door, locked it.

"What do you mean by this——" commenced Captain O'Kelly, when I stopped him.

"Pardon me, captain," I said, "I have my duty to perform. I am Detective Gerval, and am down here to trace out some forged notes and——"

"Forged notes!" yelled the captain, turning deadly pale, but putting on the air of the bully. "I do not understand you."

He muttered a fierce cry and sprang on me. Fortunately for me though not for him, he held his arm stretched out before him. Before he could touch my throat I had his wrists—"click"—and he was pretty well settled. The company would have hurried off directly, but that did not suit me. All had to give their names and addresses. Some, of course, were implicated; others were innocent and set at liberty. As for Captain O'Kelly, he went to Australia.

GOOD READING

Beef as cheap as 10 cents a pound was predicted for the United States if the cattle of Peru are allowed to enter American markets. A. B. Leguia, exiled President of Peru, during a visit to Secretary of State Bryan, said: "Peru abounds in cattle, and if they can be shipped into the United States duty free, a marked decline in the price of beef will be evident."

After forty-one years as a barber, in Darby, Pa., during which he had scraped many thousands of faces and removed tons of hair from the heads of customers, Phil Sipler, the town barber, has laid away his razors, put up his shears, and quit business. Figuring it out on a conservative basis of 100 shaves and twenty haircuts a week for forty-one years, Sipler has scraped faces something like 213,000 times and cut the hair of something like 42,100 men and boys. He asserts he has said "next" to 265,000 persons.

After a year's study of the health situation at Vassar College, the authorities have decided that the cotton mattresses and butter are not conducive to good health, and as a result butter is barred from the table, and hereafter the girls will sleep on hair mattresses. The girls are astonished at the new order, and many a pretty face was puckered up with expression of disgust at the butterless bread. There is much talk of formal protest against the rule. During the summer vacation the authorities at the college hauled out all the cotton mattresses and burned them.

Prof. James E. Rice, of the poultry department of the State College of Agriculture at Cornell University, is justly proud of his prize hen, Cornell Supreme, which laid 660 eggs in three years, the highest sustained yield he knows. The 660 weighed 86.19 pounds, or 25.82 times the weight of the hen. Cornell Surprise, another crack layer, produced 562 eggs in three years. The remarkable thing about this hen is that she laid more eggs each successive year, laying 180 the first, 186 the next, and 196 the third. This proves, Prof. Rice says, that a hen can sustain a high productiveness for three years, and he thinks that a race of longer-lived hens can be raised to the great advantage of the poultry industry of the country.

The expulsion on account of their total abstinence principles of a number of students from Greifswald University, one of the oldest in Germany, founded in 1456, has caused a sensation here. The students, numbering about one thousand, were called together in June to attend a typical "beer evening" in celebration of the jubilee of the Emperor William's reign, at which the rector presided. Several abstainers protested and were thereupon reprimanded by the officials, who declared their protest an "incitement to action against academic customs." One of the abstainers criticized the reprimand and was sentenced by

the authorities to three days' confinement in the university dungeon. Further protests by other students led to even more drastic steps being taken by the authorities, who at once expelled two of them and summoned four others to take their trial before the university officials.

Probably the most spectacular and perilous journey that was ever made by an express rider in the inland empire is recorded in the official reports of Gov. Isaac I. Stevens. The governor and a small party of twenty-four were near Fort Benton, Mont., in the autumn of 1855 after a summer of hard work negotiating treaties with Indian tribes between the Cascade Mountains and the Montana plains.

Said Stevens's biographer:

"The great tribes of the upper Columbia country—the Cayuses, Yakimas, Walla Walla, Umatillas, Palouses and all the Oregon lands down to the Dalles, the very ones who had signed the treaties at the Walla Walla council and professed such friendship—had all broken out in open war. They had swept the upper country clean of whites, killing all the settlers and miners found there, and murdered Agent Bolon under circumstances of peculiar atrocity. Major Haller, sent into the Yakima country with 100 regulars and a howitzer, had been defeated and forced to retreat by Kamiaken's warriors with the loss of a third of his force and his cannon."

This startling news the governor must know and W. H. Pearson was chosen to ride express with despatches from the Dalles to Fort Benton. The trust was not misplaced.

Pearson rode out of the Dalles fresh and well mounted, and riding all day and night reached Billy McKay's ranch on the Umatilla by daylight. The place was deserted. Lassoing a fresh mount he saw a band of hostiles racing down the hills toward the valley, and as he sprang into the saddle they gave fierce yells and cries of "Kill the white man!"

They pursued him for many miles, but he slowly drew away and at nightfall turned off the trail at right angles, rode for several miles and then took a course parallel with the regular route.

Riding in this strategic manner, resting a few hours in secluded covert and seeking unusual fords, Pearson reached Lapwai and after a day's rest pushed on over the Bitter Root Mountains. A blinding snowstorm beset him; a tree fell and crushed his Nez Perce companion and the trail was buried under several feet of new fallen snow.

Unable to travel further on horseback, Pearson improvised snowshoes, cutting the frames with his knife and weaving the webs with strands from his rawhide lariat and packing his blankets and a little dried meat upon his back he struggled over the snow-buried heights, and after four days of this desperate travel descended into the Bitter Root Valley near Fort Owen, where rest, a fresh mount and friendly greetings awaited him. Three days later he rode into Stevens's camp on the Teton so faint and exhausted that Stevens's men lifted him out of the saddle.

ARTICLES OF ALL KINDS

FOX SKELETON FOUND IN A TREE.

Local naturalists are guessing how the skeleton of a fox got in the forks of a tree on the Clarion River, near Cooksburg, Pa. The skeleton was discovered by Charles Garland, a member of the Edgewood troop, boy scouts, in the course of a nature study ramble with his comrades.

The scouts, during the weeks spent in the woods and fields, took every opportunity to study the ways of birds and animals, the characteristics of tree and plant life. They found bones of animals occasionally which they classified, but the fox skeleton was the prize naturalistic discovery of the amateur research party. The skeleton was that of a fox full grown and perfectly formed.

Foxes, as the scout naturalists had often read, burrow holes in the ground for their homes. Rarely are they known to leap into a tree except perhaps as a last resort when hunted by dogs. As the boys sat around the camp-fire evenings they spun theories as to the possible fate of reynard. A few thought the fox had jumped into the tree to elude pursuers, had become caught in the forks of the tree and had starved to death. Others surmised the animal, sick or wounded, had climbed the tree and had chosen the tree forks as its deathbed.

Still others advanced the explanation that the sly and crafty terror of barnyards had jumped into the tree to catch a stray fowl alighting on its branches and had slipped into the forks, which proved a trap from which there was no escape.

FIRST VESSEL PASSES PANAMA CANAL LOCKS.

The most important step thus far toward the operation of the Panama Canal took place September 26, when the seagoing tugboat Gatun, drawing twelve and a half feet of water, was successfully passed through the Gatun locks and floats on the bosom of Gatun Lake.

This was the first attempt made to operate the locks on the canal, and the result was highly pleasing to Colonel Goethals, chairman of the canal commission, and canal officials generally. All day long hundreds of persons, men, women and children, withstood the burning rays of the tropic sun to see the act of passing the first vessel from sea level to the level of Gatun Lake, which had reached a height of a little more than sixty-five feet, or within twenty feet of its normal level. The operations were conducted with great care and everything went through according to schedule. The three chambers, upper, middle and lower, on the west side of the locks, were used on this occasion. The men worked far into night making everything ready for the operation.

The upper lock filled in the forenoon, and in the afternoon the water was admitted to the middle and lower locks, but it was not until 4:45 p. m. that the water in the lower lock had reached the level of that in the sea channel outside.

At this hour the sea gate was swung, and a moment later the tug, which had been in readiness all day in the approach channel, turned its head toward the entrance.

As the vessel passed inside the lower lock chamber a mighty cheer went up from the assembled thousands that lined the lock walls, the tug's whistle was blown loud and long, and all the whistles in the neighborhood joined in the chorus.

The Gatun was in charge of Captain Stewart. Among the party on board were Colonel William L. Sibert, division engineer of the Atlantic division of the canal, under whose supervision the Gatun locks were built; Colonel Harry F. Hedges, assistant chief engineer and designer of the canal locks and the operating machinery, and Major J. P. Jervy, who has had personal charge of the masonry construction of the locks. Colonel Goethals was on hand all day, but did not make the trip.

SCHENECTADY EXPERT INVENTS DEADLY RAY

Invisible light waves that will, it is alleged, annihilate the largest dreadnought afloat or destroy a bomb-carrying aeroplane have been produced by William Burr Gibson, of Schenectady, who is connected with the engineering department of the General Electric Company.

The instrument of production is already in the possession of the United States Government, and is undergoing rigid tests. In a test made by the inventor, before applying for the patent, a charge of dynamite was exploded five miles away. The apparatus can be carried around by an ordinary man.

"Although I have not made actual experiments with aeroplanes," said the inventor, "the success which has attended the other demonstrations warrants me in predicting that it will as readily destroy war aeroplanes as it will explode ordinary mines."

Experts declare it will revolutionize warfare. With its aid, an invading force could easily explode every mine in its line of progress, and destroy its antagonist's defenses in a day.

"By means of these invisible rays," said one, "a battleship would be blown to atoms by the explosion of its own magazines with no more power than it takes to light an ordinary arc lamp."

The machine is extremely simple, and is the result of seven years' experimenting by the inventor, who is twenty-five years old. It consists of an ordinary arc light, two quartz lenses, and seven colored screens. The device is designed to concentrate and project ultra-violet rays.

"When the ultra-violet rays impinge upon powder," said Mr. Gibson, "they cause a molecular action which sets up friction. This produces heat and causes the powder to explode."

By directing the stream of light upwards, any aeroplane carrying bombs would be destroyed. The inventor himself has an ingenious idea to destroy any of the enemy's aeroplanes which are sent out without bombs. He proposes to send up small balloons with dynamite bombs attached. These would be exploded near the flying craft, creating a vacuum and capsizing the machines.

CHANGING MONEY TRICK BOX.



With this trick box you can make money change, from a penny into a dime or vice versa. Also make dimes appear and disappear at your command. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG,
1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

CACHOO OR SNEEZING POWDER.



The greatest fun-maker of them all. A small amount of this powder, when blown in a room, will cause everyone to sneeze without anyone knowing where it comes from. It is very light, will float in the air for some time, and penetrate every nook and corner of a room. It is perfectly harmless. Cachoo is put up in bottles, and one bottle contains enough to be used from 10 to 15 times. Price, by mail, 10c. each; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

HINDOO FLOWER-POT TRICK



With this trick you can make a plant grow right up in a flower-pot, before the eyes of your audience. An ordinary empty earthen flower-pot is handed to the spectators for examination. A handkerchief is then placed over it, and you repeat a few magic words, and wave your wand over it. When the handkerchief is removed there is a beautiful plant, apparently in full bloom, in the pot. Full directions with each outfit. Price, 15 cents by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

NOISY HANDKERCHIEF.



A great deal of amusement may be had with this little article. It imitates the blowing of the nose exactly, except that the noise is magnified at least a dozen times, and sounds like the bass-horn in a German band. This device is used by simply placing it between the teeth and blowing. The harder the blow the louder the noise. Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

NEW MASKS



Half-face masks with movable noses. A distinct novelty which will afford no end of amusement. They come in 6 styles, each a different face, such as Desperate Desmond, etc., and are beautifully colored and splendidly finished, with patent eyelets to prevent tearing. Price 15 cents apiece, by mail, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

JAPANESE WATER FLOWERS



Without exception, the most beautiful and interesting things on the market. They consist of a dozen dried-up sprigs, neatly encased in handsomely decorated envelopes, just as they are imported from Japan. Place one sprig in a bowl of water, and it begins to exude various bright tints. Then it slowly opens out into various shapes of exquisite flowers. They are of all colors of the rainbow. It is very amusing to watch them take form.

Small size, price 5 cents; large size, 10 cents a package, by mail, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

YOU ALL WANT THIS MEDAL!

You Can Get One for Six Cents!

Has a picture of Fred Fearnot on one side and Evelyn on the other. The chief characters of



"WORK AND WIN"

The Medals are beautifully fire-gilt.

In order that every reader of this Weekly may secure one or more of these medals, we have put the price away below cost, as you will see when you receive it. Send to us THREE TWO-CENT POSTAGE STAMPS, and we will send the medal to any address, postage paid, by return mail.

REMEMBER! You can secure as many medals as you want.

Address your envelope plainly to
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168 West 23d Street, New York



**Sure Fire
Accuracy
Penetration
The World's
Record Holders**

Remington-UMC .22 cal. cartridges have broken two records in two years.

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The present world's 100-shot gallery record, 2484 ex 2500, held by Arthur Hubalek was made with these hard hitting .22's.

They will help you, too, to break your best shooting records.

Remington-UMC .22's are made, too, with hollow point bullets. This increases their shocking and killing power.

Remington-UMC—the perfect shooting combination

REMINGTON ARMS-UNION METALLIC CARTRIDGE CO.

299 Broadway, New York City

BINGO.



It is a little metal box. It looks very innocent. But it is supplied with an ingenious mechanism which shoots off a harmless cap when it is opened. You can have more fun than a circus with this new trick. Place the BINGO in or under

any article and it will go off when the article is opened or removed. It can be used as a funny joke by being placed in a purse, cigarette box or between the leaves of a magazine, also, under any movable article, such as a book, tray, dish, etc. The BINGO can also be used as a Burglar Alarm or as a Theft Preventer by being placed in a drawer, money till, under a door or window, or under any article that would be moved or disturbed should a theft be attempted.

Price 15 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK GUN FOB



The real western article, carried by the cowboys. It is made of fine leather, with a highly nickeled buckle. The holster contains a metal gun, of the same pattern as those used by all the most famous scouts. Any boy wearing one of these fobs will attract attention. It will give him an air of western romance. The prettiest and most serviceable watch fob ever made. Send for one to-day. Price 20 cents each by mail postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN,
419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

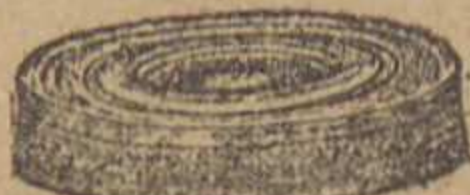
THE DANCING NIGGER



A comical toy with which you can have no end of fun. It consists of a cut-out figure fastened to a thread suspended between the ends of a spring. By pressing the wires between the fingers and thumb the figure will dance in the funniest manner. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

DELUSION TRICK.



A magic little box in three parts that is very mystifying to those not in the trick. A coin placed on a piece of paper disappears by dropping a nickel ring around it from the magic box. Made of hard wood two inches in diameter. Price, 12c.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

Wizard Repeating LIQUID PISTOL



Will stop the most vicious dog (or man) without permanent injury.

Perfectly safe to carry without danger of leakage. Fires and recharges by pulling the trigger. Loads from any Liquid. No cartridges required. Over six shots in one loading. All dealers, or by mail, 50c. Pistol with rubber covered holster, 55c. Holsters separate, 10c. Send money order. No postage stamps or coins accepted.

PARKER, STEARNS & CO., 278 GEORGIA AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

GREENBACKS! Big bunch of stage money, 10c. The Literary Enterprise - 3348 Lowe Ave., Chicago.

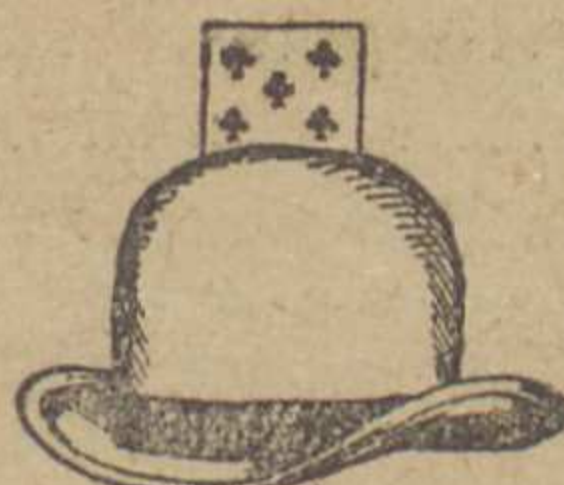
LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME



Ventriloquist Double Throat.

Fits roof of mouth; always invisible; greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neigh like a horse; whine like a puppy; sing like a canary, and imitate birds and beasts of the field and forest. Loads of fun. Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price: only 10 cents; 4 for 25 cents, or 12 for 50 cents. Double Throat Co. Dpt. & Frenchtown, N.J.

CARD THROUGH THE HAT TRICK



With this trick you barrow a hat, and apparently shove a card up through the crown, without injuring the card or hat. The operation can be reversed, the performer seemingly pushing the card down through the crown into the hat again. It is a trick which will puzzle and interest the closest observer and detection is almost impossible. It is so simple that a child can learn how to perform it in a few minutes.

Price 10 cents each, by mail, post-paid.
H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

FIFFL



Also known as a Japanese butterfly. A pleasing novelty enclosed in an envelope. When the envelope is opened FIFFL will fly out through the air for several yards. Made of colored paper to represent a butterfly six inches wide.

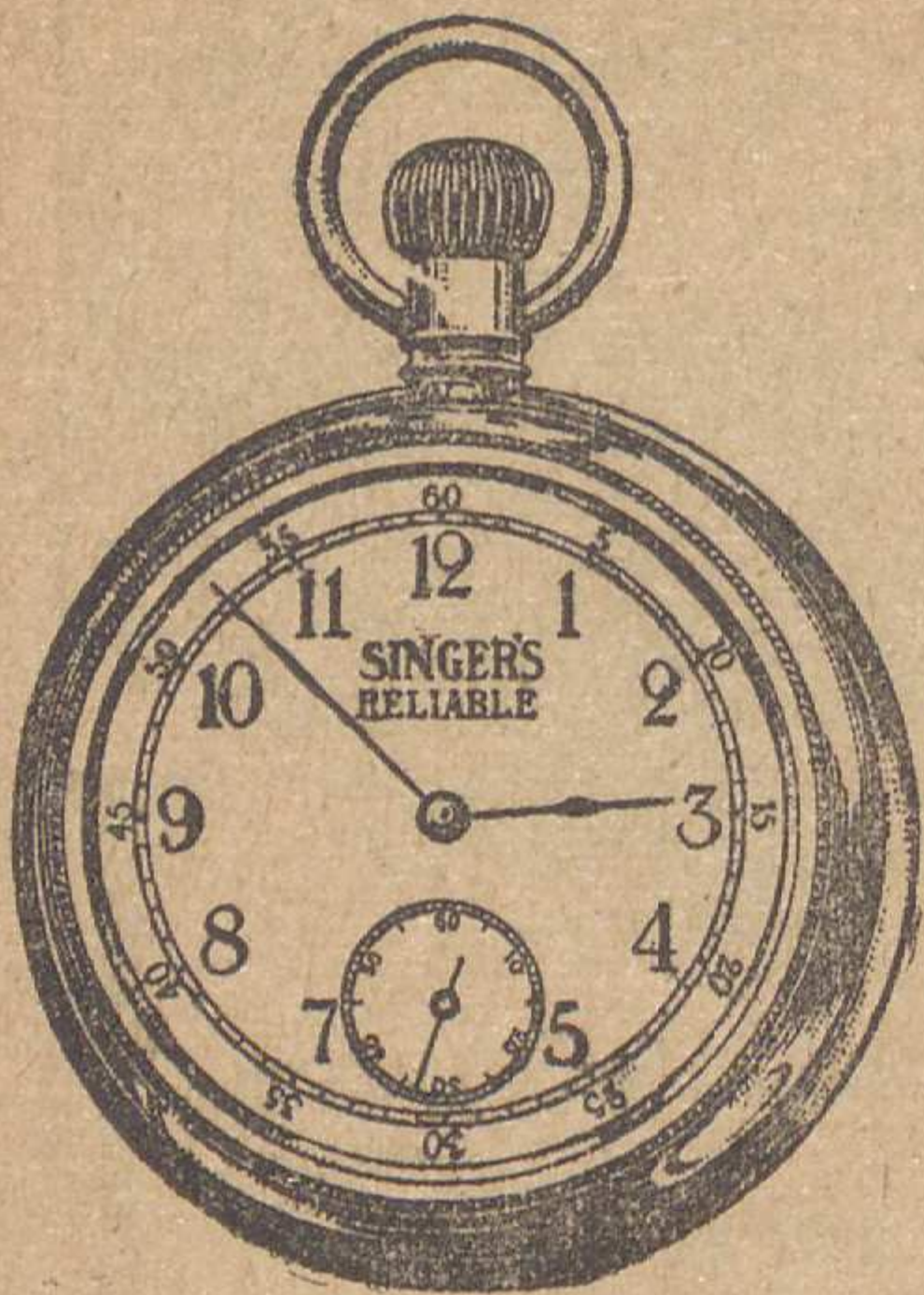
Price, 10c.
M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK BANKS.



Ornamental as well as useful. Made of highly nickeled brass. It holds just One Dollar. When filled it opens itself. Remains locked until refilled. Can be used as a watchcharm. Money refunded if not satisfied. Price, 10c. by mail.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.



Face

Look! A GRAND PREMIUM Look!

One of these fine watches to anyone sending us

\$2.50

For one year's subscription to either "Moving Picture Stories," "Happy Days," "Wild West Weekly," "Fame and Fortune Weekly," "The Liberty Boys of '76," "Secret Service," "Work and Win," or "Pluck and Luck."

There is only one condition—send us the money and we will send you the watch, and any one of the above publications for a year.



Back

Description of the Watch

It is American-made, open face, stem wind and set, and will run from 30 to 36 hours with one winding. The movement is the same size as an expensive railroad timepiece, absolutely accurate, and each one is guaranteed. The cases are made in Gold Plate, Polished Nickel, Gun-metal with Gilt center and plain Gun-metal.

The design on the back case is a fancy engraved scroll.

Send in Your Subscriptions Now to

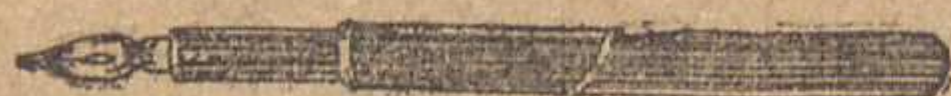
FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 168 West 23d St., N. Y. City

JAPANESE DIVER

The strangest toy on the market. They are made in Japan and look like a little red mandarin. Each manikin is furnished with a cartridge to which a pair of legs are attached. By making two pin-holes in the cartridge, attaching it to the figure, and immersing it in a glass of water the little figure will dart up and down for an hour like a real diver. Price, by mail, 25 cents each, postpaid.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

NEW TEN-CENT FOUNTAIN PEN.



One of the most peculiar and mystifying pens on the market. It requires no ink. All you have to do is to dip it in water, and it will write for an indefinite period. The secret can only be learned by procuring one, and you can make it a source of both pleasure and amusement by claiming to your friends what it can do and then demonstrating the fact. Moreover, it is a good pen, fit for practical use, and will never leak ink into your pocket, as a defective fountain pen might do.

Price, 10c. each by mail.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

VANISHING CIGAR.



This cigar is made in exact imitation of a good one. It is held by a rubber cord which, with the attached safety pin, is fastened on the inside of the sleeve. When offered to a friend, as it is about to be taken, it will instantly disappear.

Price, 10c. each by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., New York City.

THE X-RAY REVOLVER



With one of these guns you can defy the Sullivan Law with impunity. It is used to scare, and not to shoot. It is impossible to detect the fact that it is not a genuine revolver. Can be used as a paper-weight, an ornament, or in other ways. Price, by mail, 45 cents each, postpaid.

M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.



SLICK TRICK PENCIL.

This one is a hummer! It is to all appearances an ordinary, but expensive lead pencil, with nickel trimmings. If your friend wants your pencil for a moment, hand it to him. When he attempts to write with it, the end instantly turns up, and he cannot write a stroke.

Price, 10c., postpaid.

H. F. LANG,

1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

RUBBER TACKS.



They come six in a box. A wonderful imitation of the real tack. Made of rubber. The box in which they come is the ordinary tack box. This is a great parlor entertainer and you can play a lot of tricks with the tacks. Place them in the palm of your hand, point upward. Then slap the other hand over the tacks and it will seem as if you are committing suicide. Or you can show the tacks and then put them in your mouth and chew them, making believe you have swallowed them. Your friends will think you are a magician. Then, again, you can exhibit the tacks and then quickly push one in your cheek or somebody else's cheek and they will shriek with fear. Absolutely harmless and a very practical and funny joke. Price by mail, 10c. a box of 6 tacks; 3 for 25c. WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

LIGHTNING TRICK BOX.



A startling and pleasing illusion! "The ways of the world are devious," says Matthew Arnold, but the ways of the Lightning Trick Box when properly handled are admitted to be puzzling and uncertain. You take off the lid and show your friends that it is full of nice candy. Replace the lid, when you can solemnly assure your friends that you can instantly empty the box in their presence without opening it; and taking off the lid again, sure enough the candy has disappeared. Or you can change the candy into a piece of money by following the directions sent with each box. This is the neatest and best cheap trick ever invented.

Price, only 10c.; 3 for 25c., mailed, postpaid. M. V. GALLIGAN, 419 W. 56th St., N. Y.

IMITATION FLIES.



Absolutely true to Nature! A dandy scarf-pin and a rattling good joke. It is impossible to do these pins justice with a description. You have to see them to understand how lifelike they are. When people see them on you they want to brush them off. They wonder "why that fly sticks to you" so persistently. This is the most realistic novelty ever put on the market. It is a distinct ornament for anybody's necktie, and a decided joke on those who try to chase it.

Price, 10c. by mail postpaid.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

GOOD LUCK PUZZLE.



It consists of three horseshoes fastened together. Only a very clever person can take off the closed horseshoe from the two linked horseshoes. But it can be done in a moment when the secret is known. Price, by mail, 10c. each.

H. F. LANG, 1815 Centre St., B'klyn, N. Y.

BLACK-EYE JOKE.



New and amusing joker. The victim is told to hold the tube close to his eye so as to exclude all light from the back, and then to remove the tube until pictures appear in the center. In trying to locate the pictures he will receive the finest black-eye you ever saw. We furnish a small box of blackening preparation with each tube, so the joke can be used indefinitely. Those not in the trick will be caught every time. Absolutely harmless. Price by mail 15c. each; 2 for 25c.

WOLFF NOVELTY CO., 29 W. 26th St., N. Y.

POCKET WHISK-BROOM



This is no toy, but a real whisk-broom, 6½ inches high. It is made of imported Japanese bristles, neatly put together, and can easily be carried in the vest pocket, ready for use at any moment, for hats or clothing, etc. Price 10 cents each, by mail, postpaid.

C. BEHR, 150 W. 62d St., N. Y.

375 The Boy Salesman; or, Out on the Road for Success.
376 A Young Money Broker; or, Striking Luck in Wall Street.
377 The Way to Fame; or, The Success of a Young Dramatist.
378 In the Money Game; or, The Luck of Two Wall Street Chums.
379 A Golden Treasure; or, The Mystery of An Old Trunk.
380 Hal's Business Venture; or, Making a Success of Himself.
381 Among the Man-Eaters; or The Secret of the Golden Ledge.
382 The Little Wall Street Speculator; or, The Boy Who Became a Stock Broker.
383 Old Hazard's Errand Boy; or, The Nerve That Won the Money.
384 Check 765; or, The Strangest Tip in Wall Street.
385 A Short Cut to Fortune; and The Smart Boy Who Found It.
386 Broker Brown's Boy; or, A Tough Lad from Missouri. (A Wall Street story.)
387 The Odds Against Him; or, A Boy With Grit.
388 A Boy With Brains; or, A Fortune From a Dime. (A story of Wall Street.)
389 His Own Business; or, From Errand Boy to Boss.
390 The Banker's Plot; or, The Mysterious Boy From Cripple Creek.
391 After a Missing Million; or, The Treasure of the Wreck.
392 A Boy From the Streets; or, The Old Broker's Protege. (A story of Wall Street.)
393 A Born Hustler; or, The Boy With the "Goods."
394 Mat, the Money Maker; or, A Strange Lad in Wall Street.
395 "Out For Everything"; or, The Boy Who Was Willed a Circus.
396 In Wall Street to Win; or, The Boy Who Got the Money.
397 A Young Sinbad; or, Wrecked on a Treasure Island.
398 Bill's Bond Syndicate; or, A Fortune From a Two-Cent Stamp. (A Wall Street Story.)

399 The Boy Who Vanished; or, The Treasure of the Incas.
400 A Born Broker; or, The Success of a Wall Street Boy
401 Striking a Good Thing; or, College Chums in Business.
402 Among the "Sharks"; or, The Lights and Shadows of Wall Street.
403 In Business for Himself; or, The Lad Who Made the Money.
404 Charlie of the Curb; or, Beating the Money Brokers.
405 A Million in Rubies; or, The Richest Find in the World.
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